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YOGI BEAR

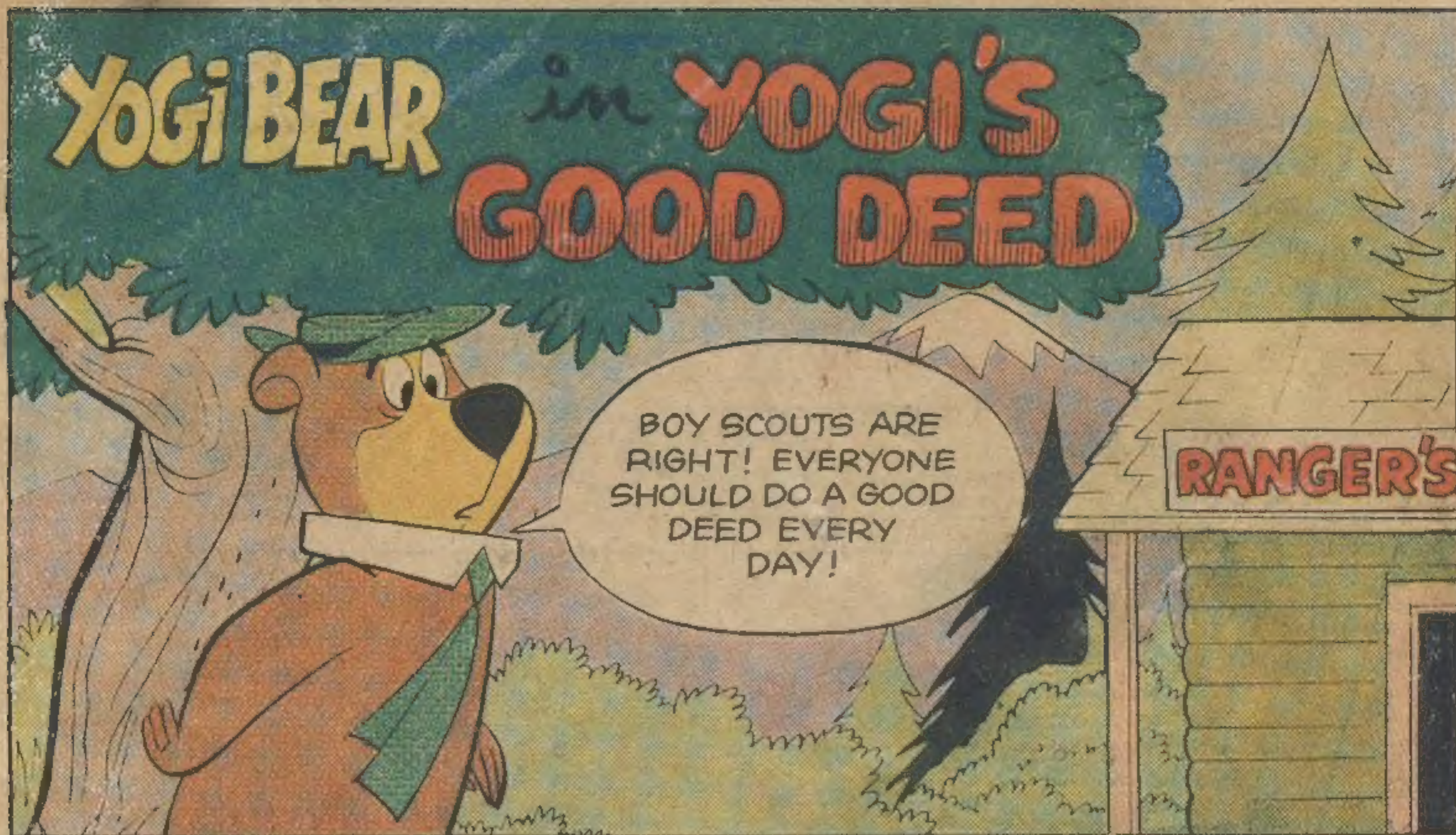
YOGI BEAR

NO. 3
MAR.
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ALL
NEW
STORIES
ART





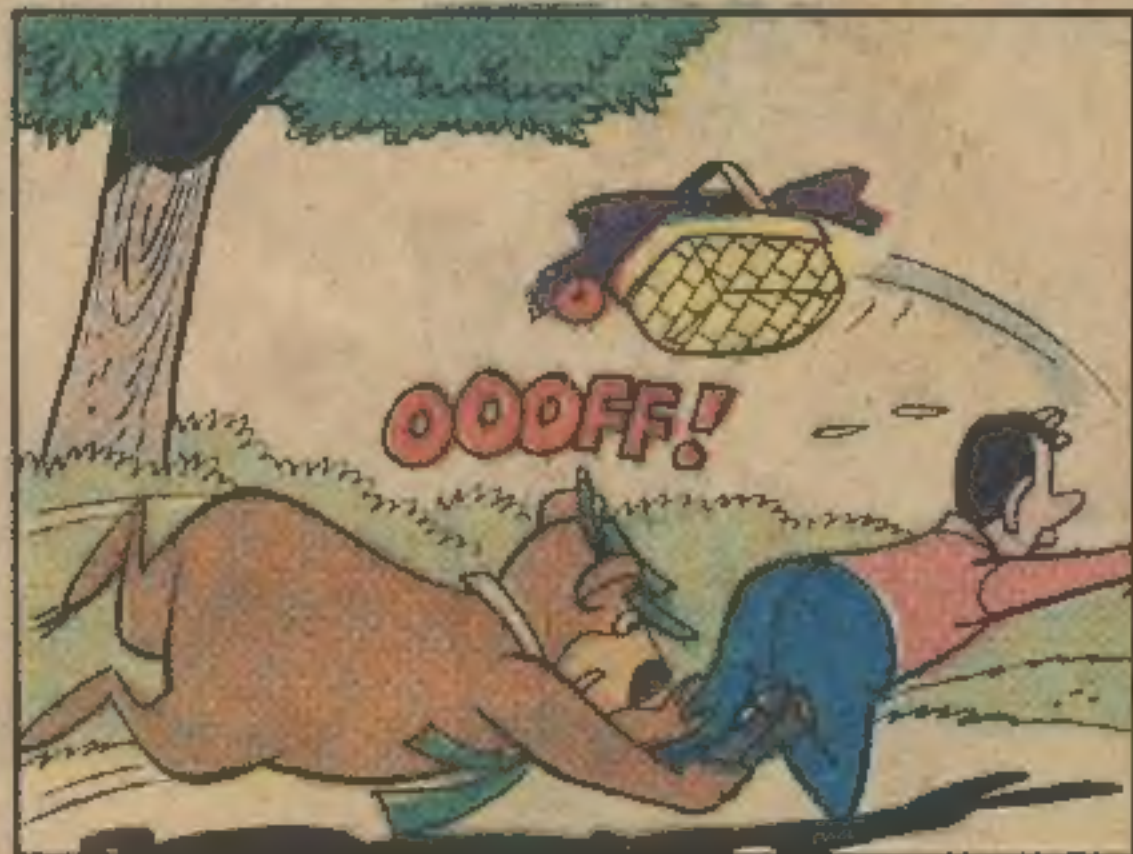
YOGI BEAR

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HERE COMES RANGER SMITH, PROBABLY
LOOKING FOR HIS
BASKET!



HE'LL BE HAPPY TO
GET IT BACK!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!
RANGER SMITH STILL
HAS HIS BASKET!



(ULP!!) THIS MEANS
I **STOLE** THE
OTHER BASKET!



HI, YOGI! WHERE'VE
YOU BEEN?

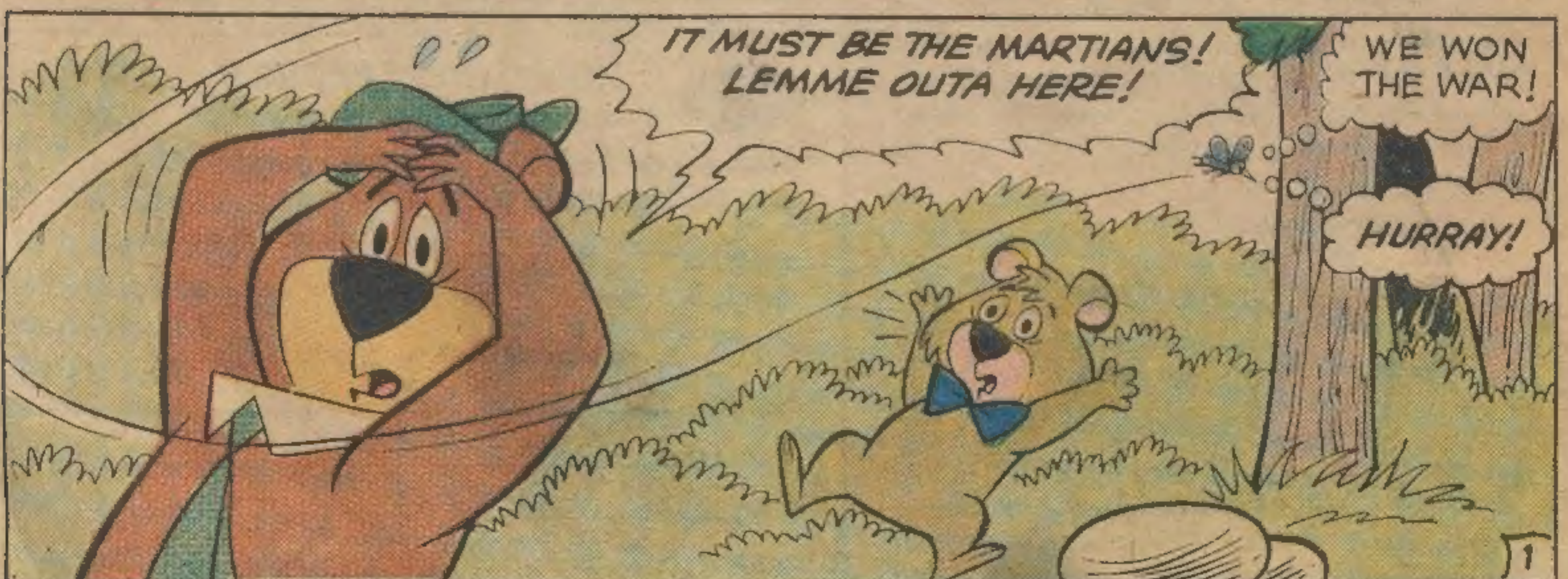
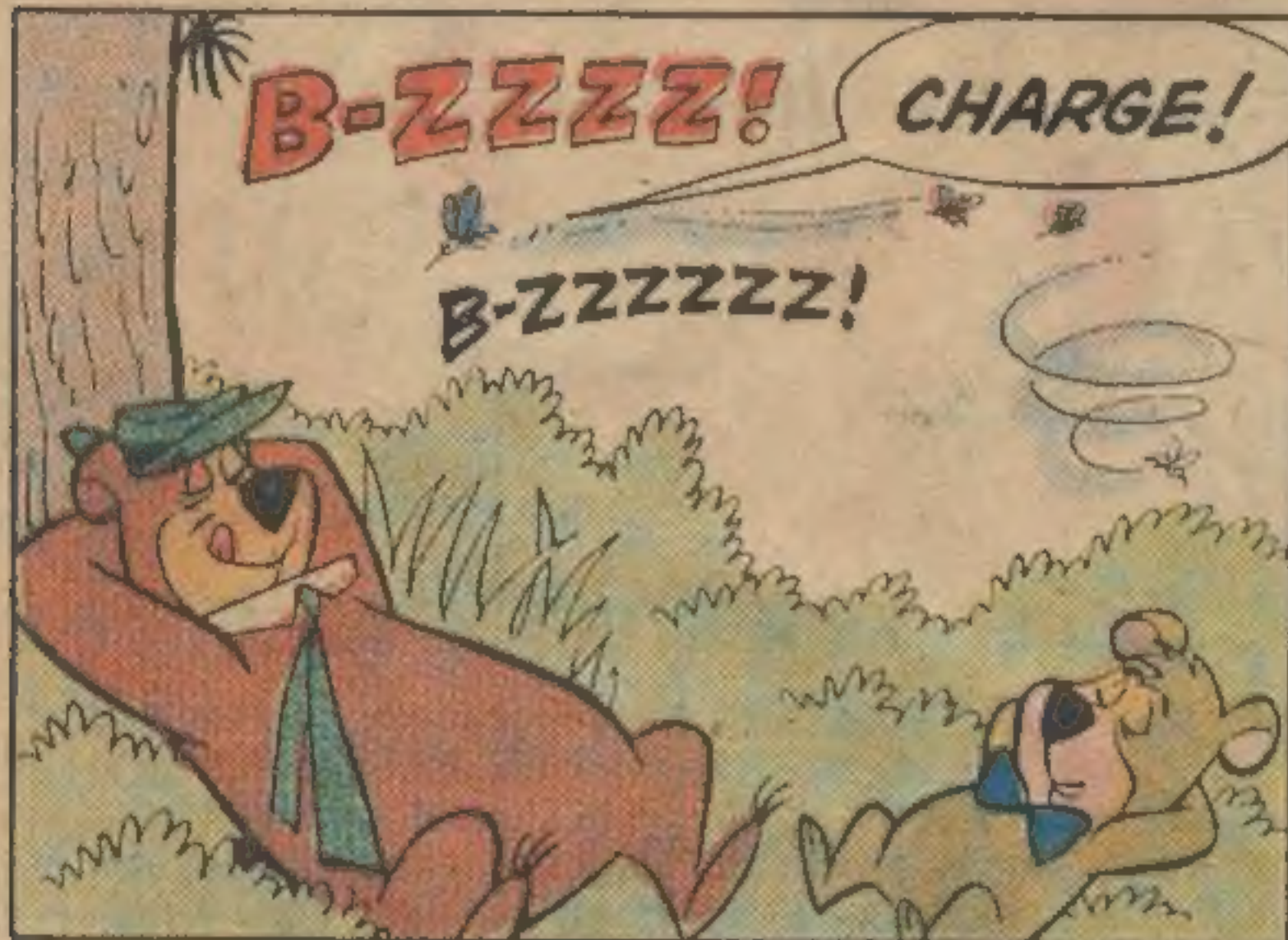
J-JUST
LOAFING
AROUND,
RANGER
SMITH!

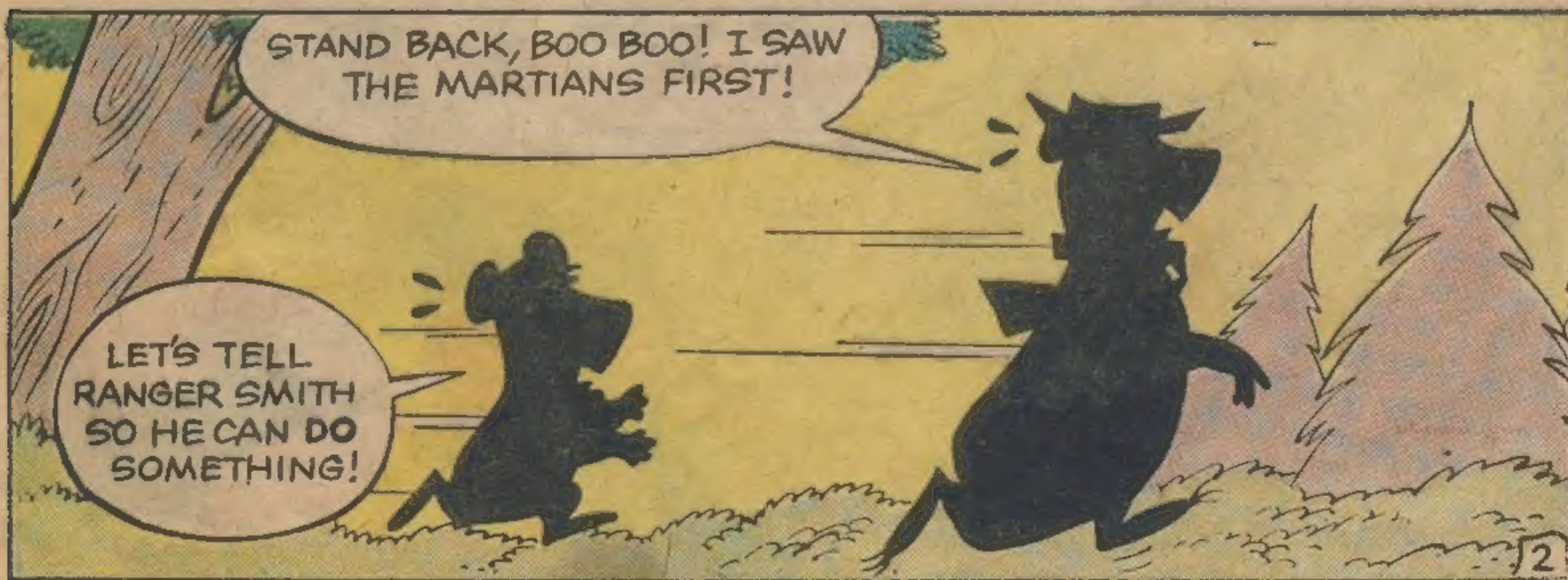
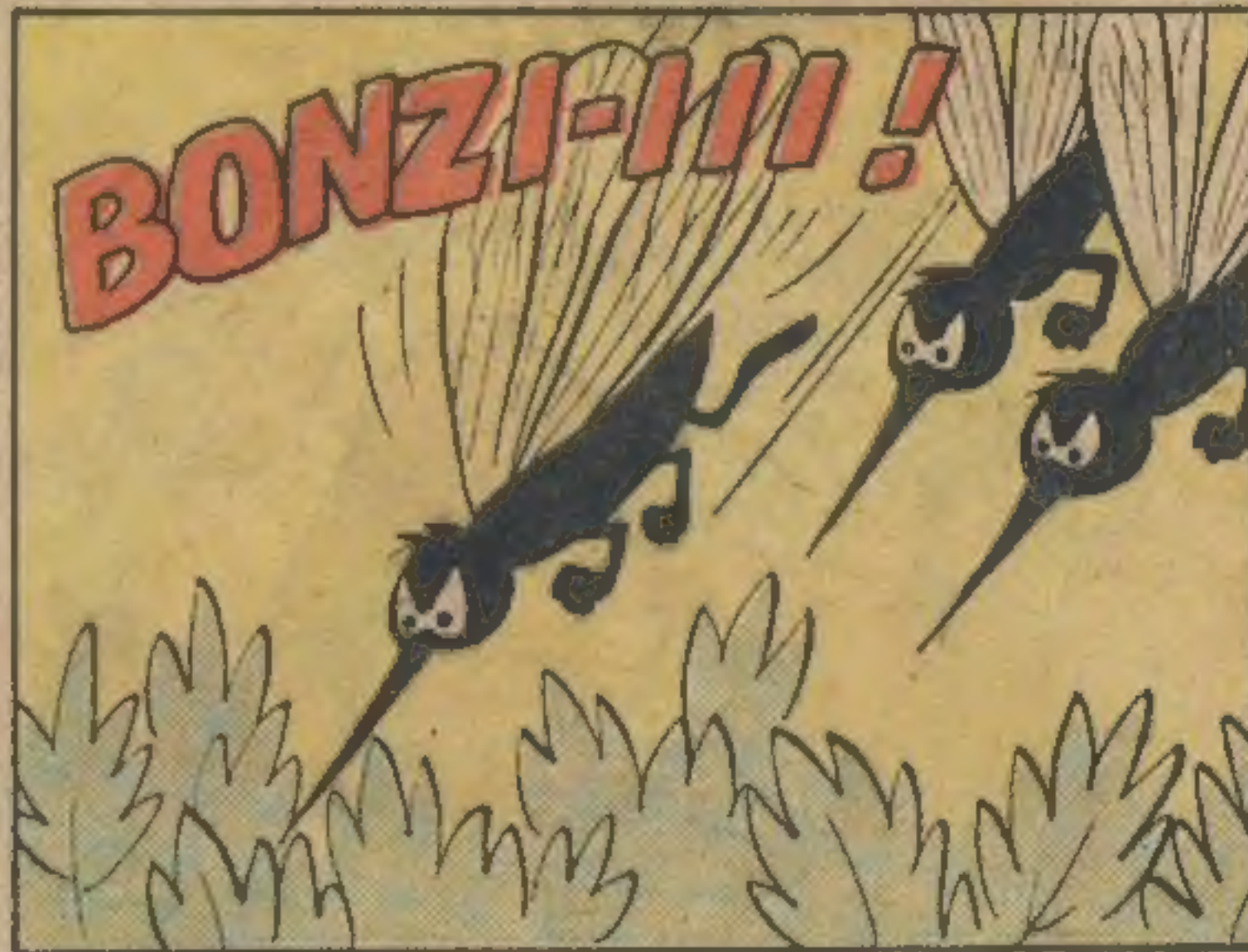


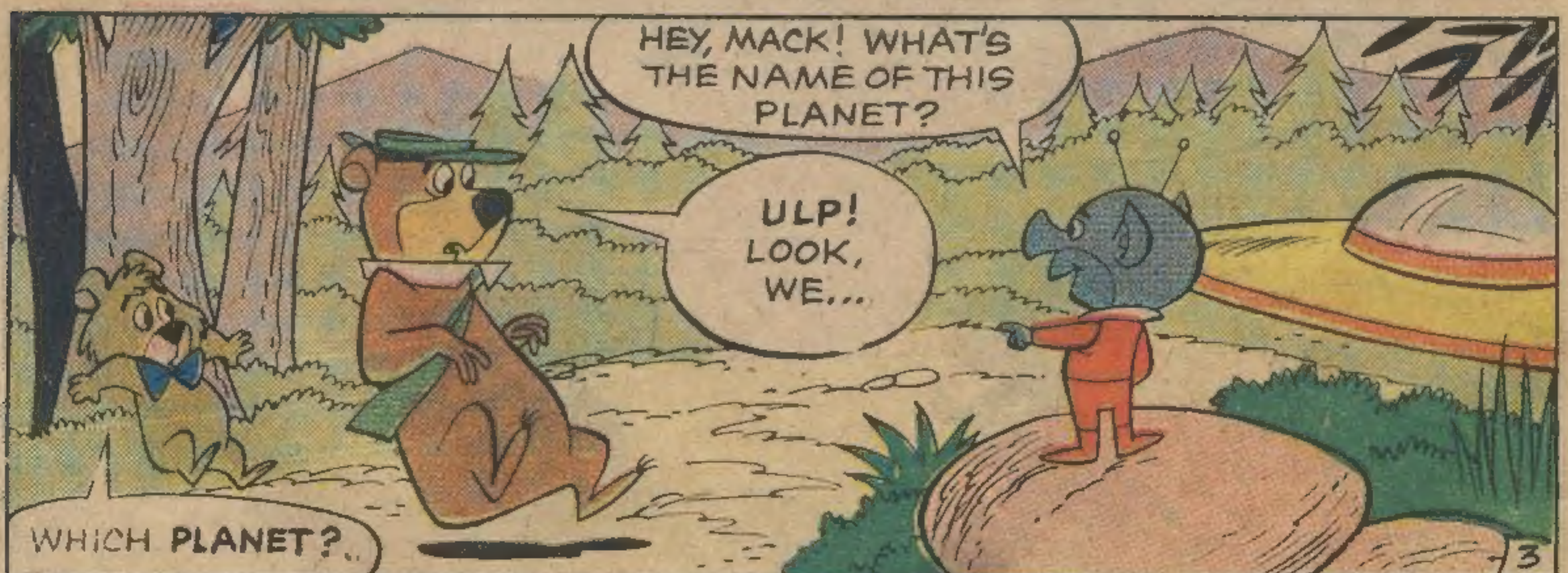
I HOPE RANGER SMITH
NEVER FINDS OUT WHAT
I DID TODAY! HE'D NEVER
BELIEVE ME!

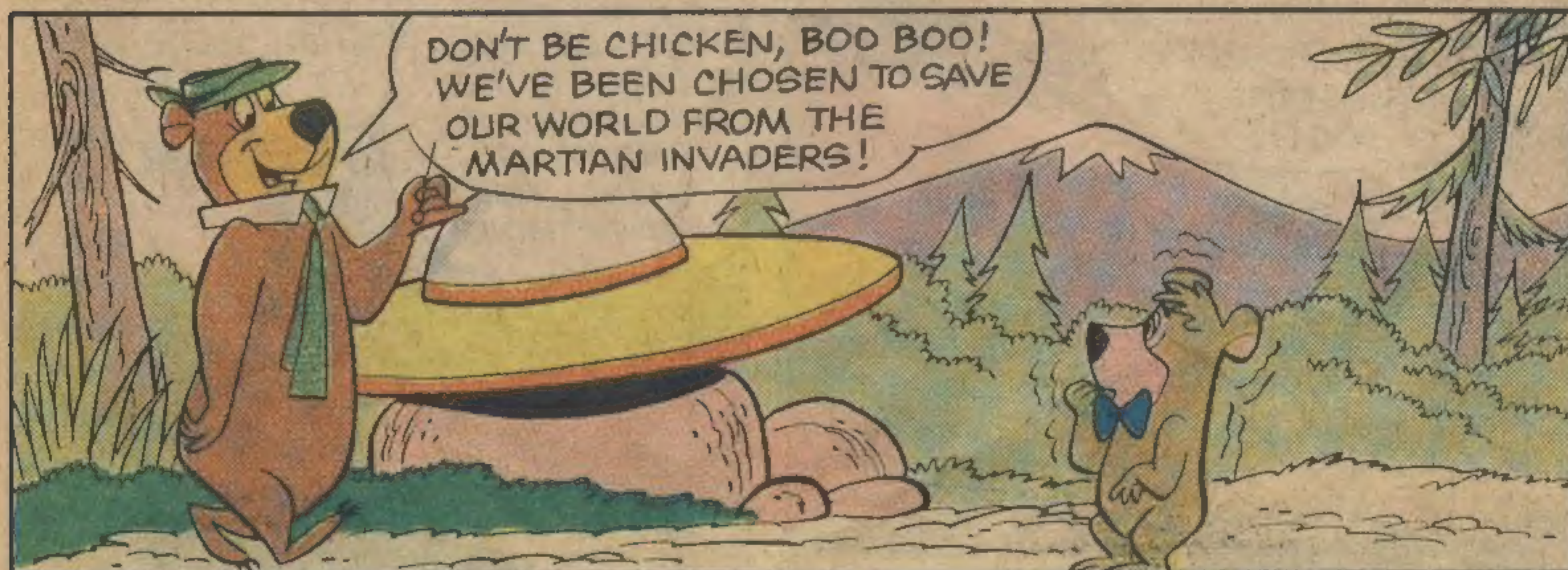
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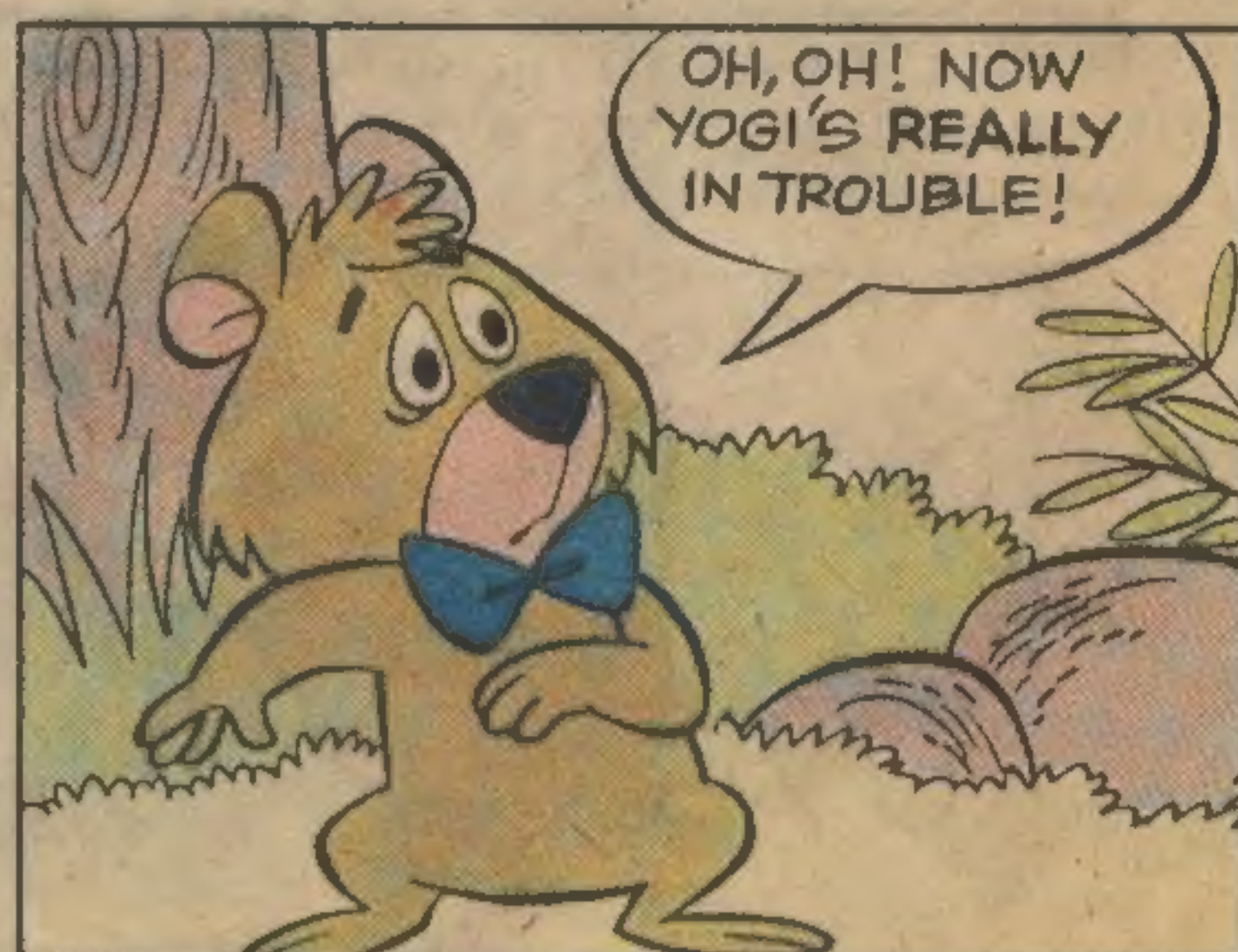
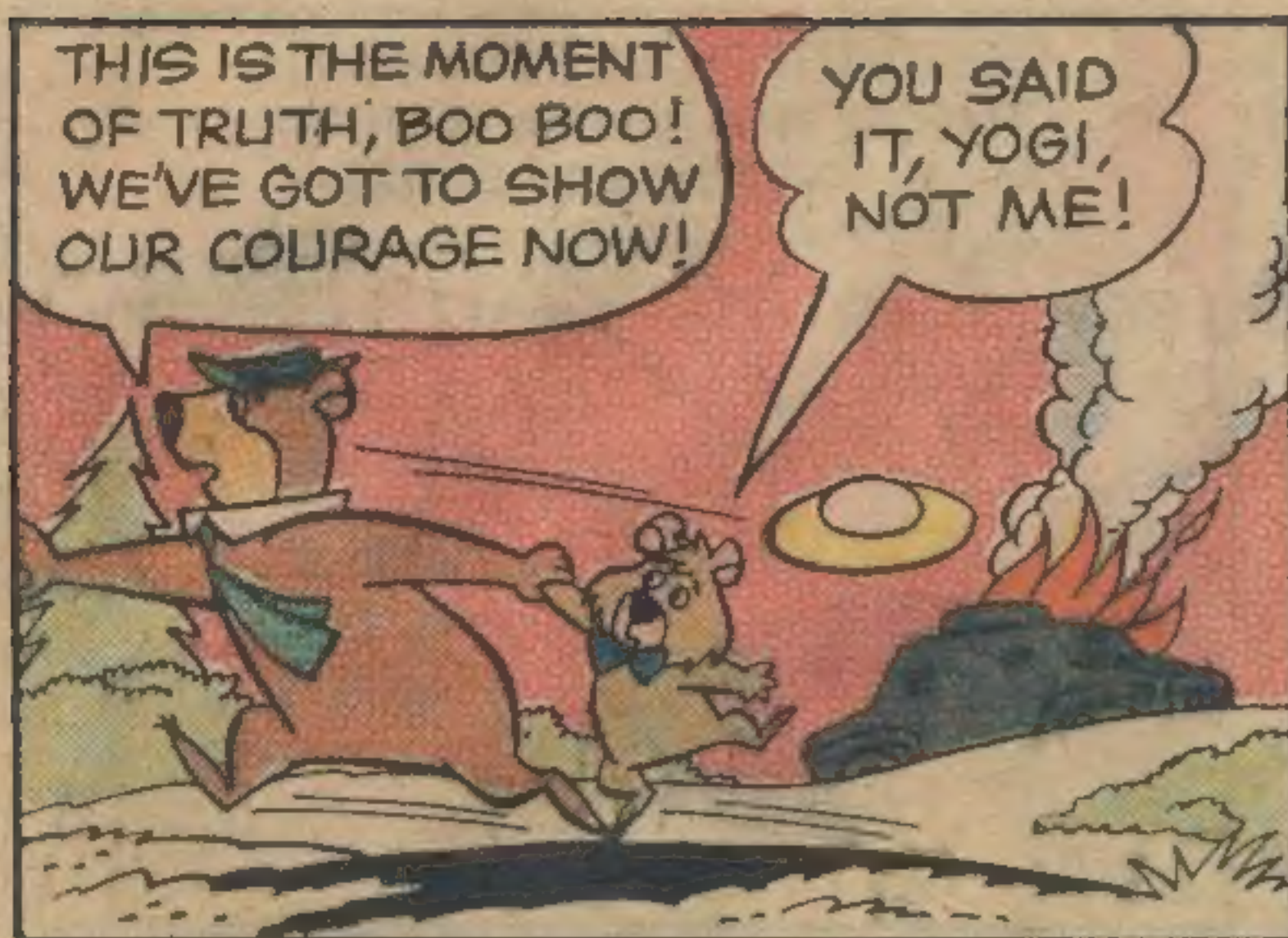
YOGI BEAR and the MARTIANS

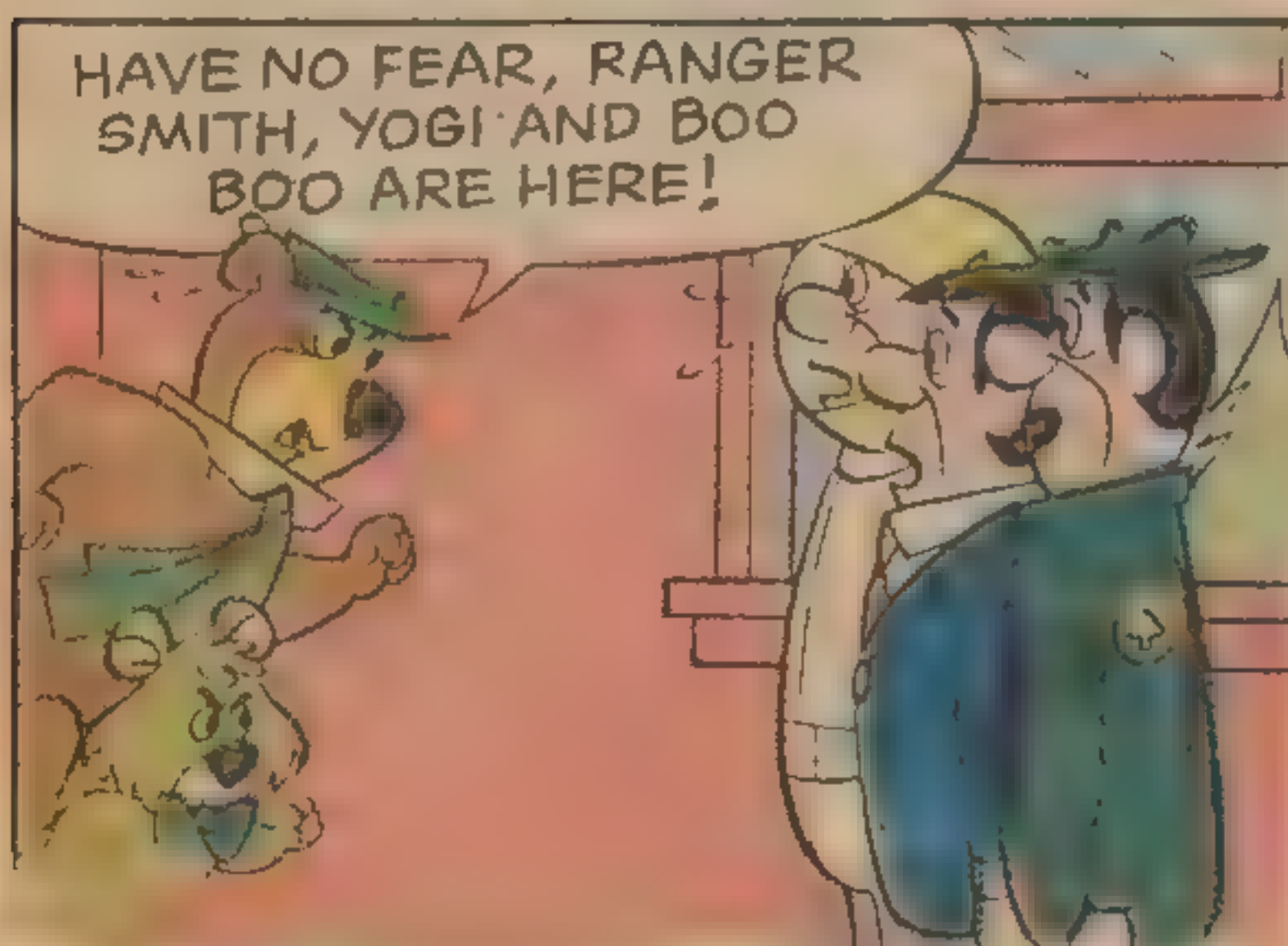
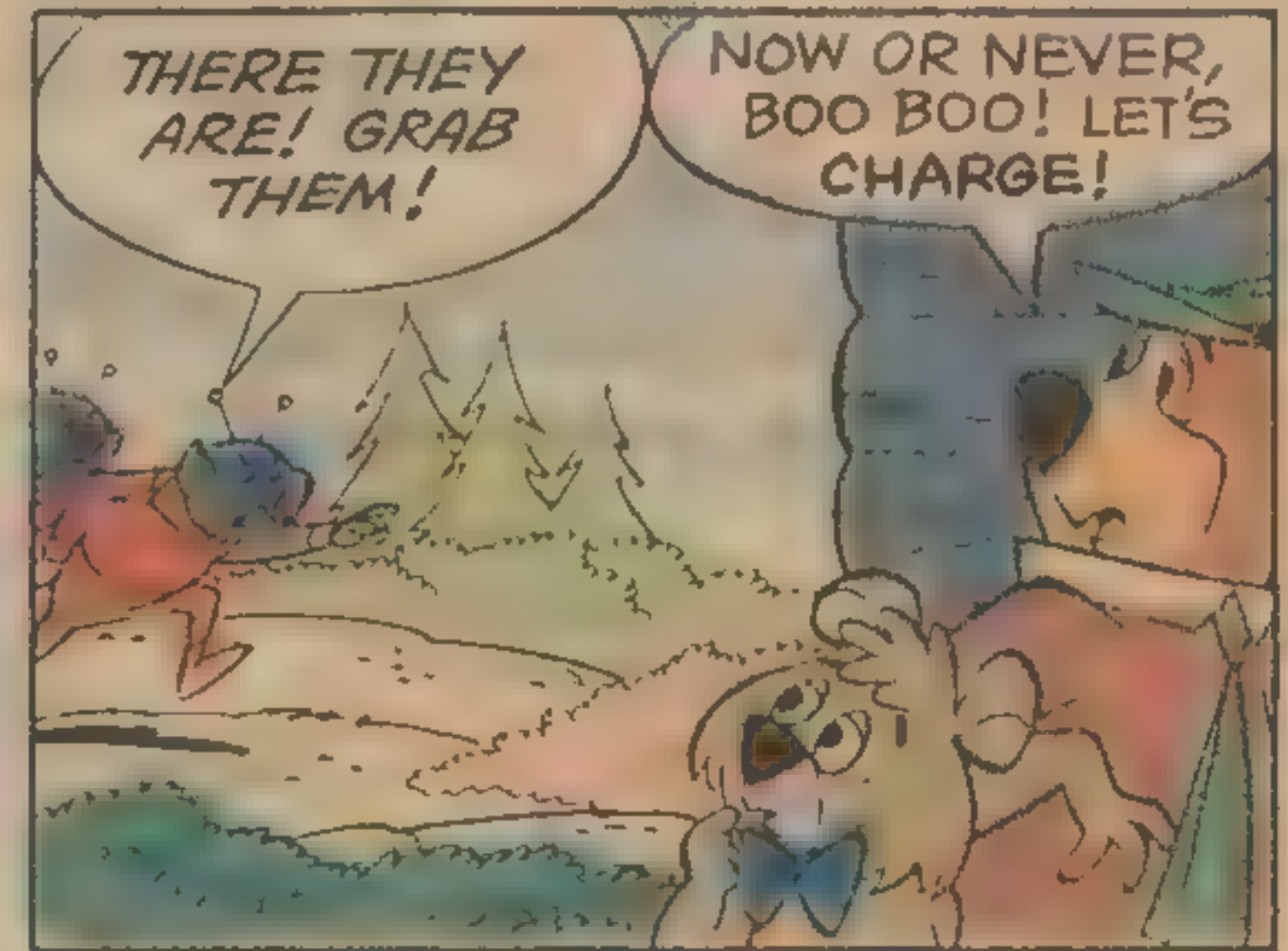
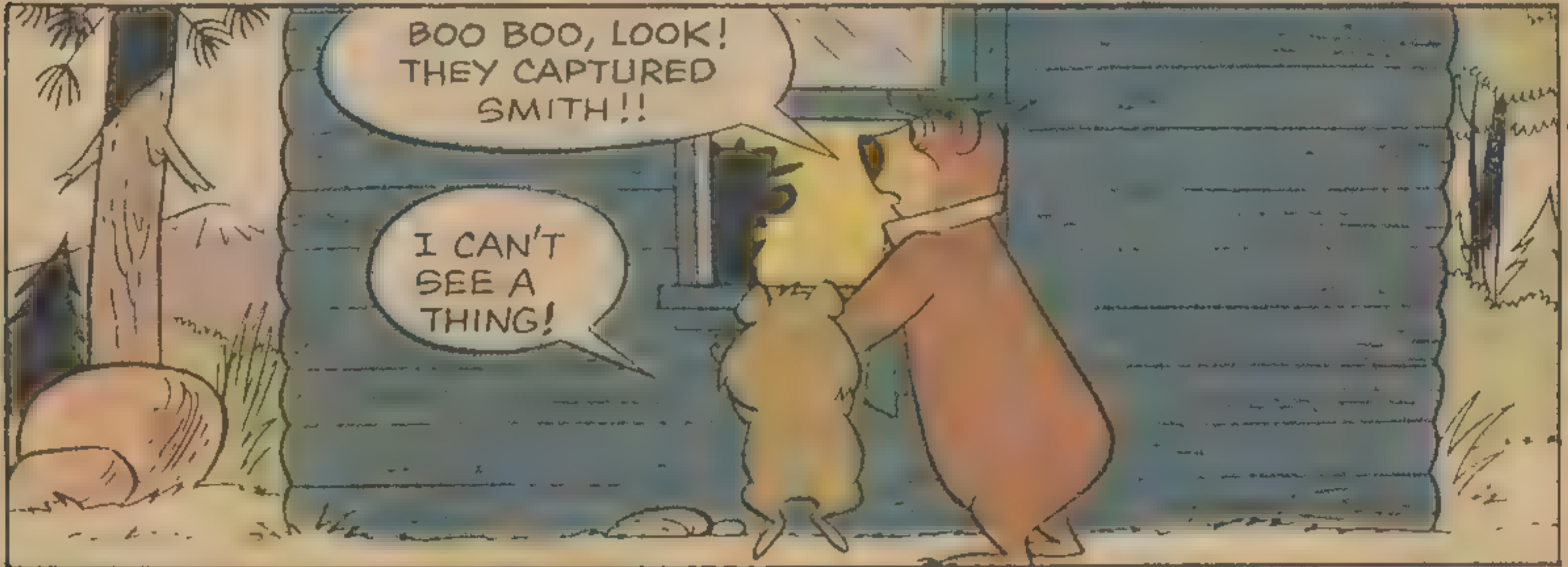
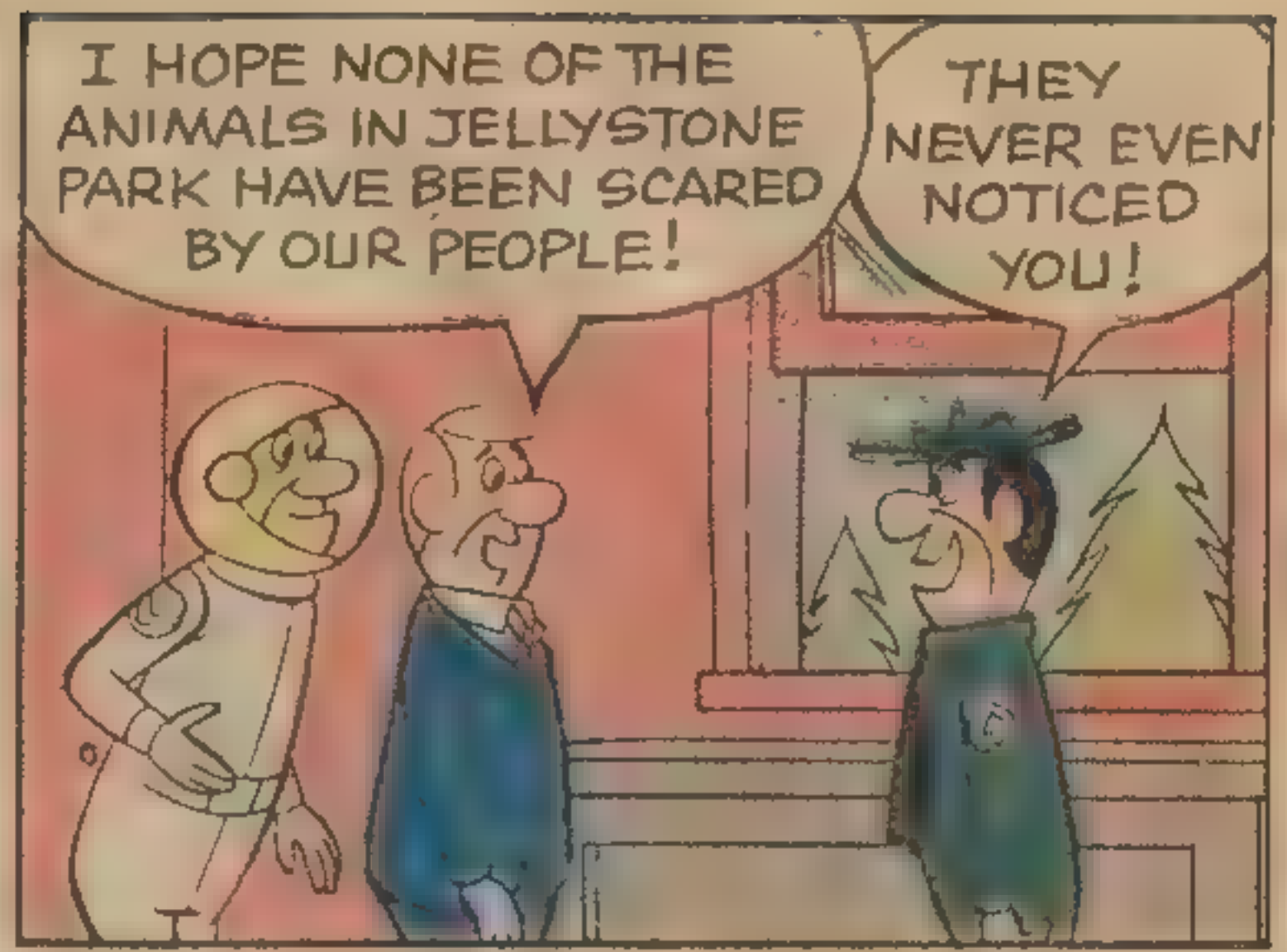
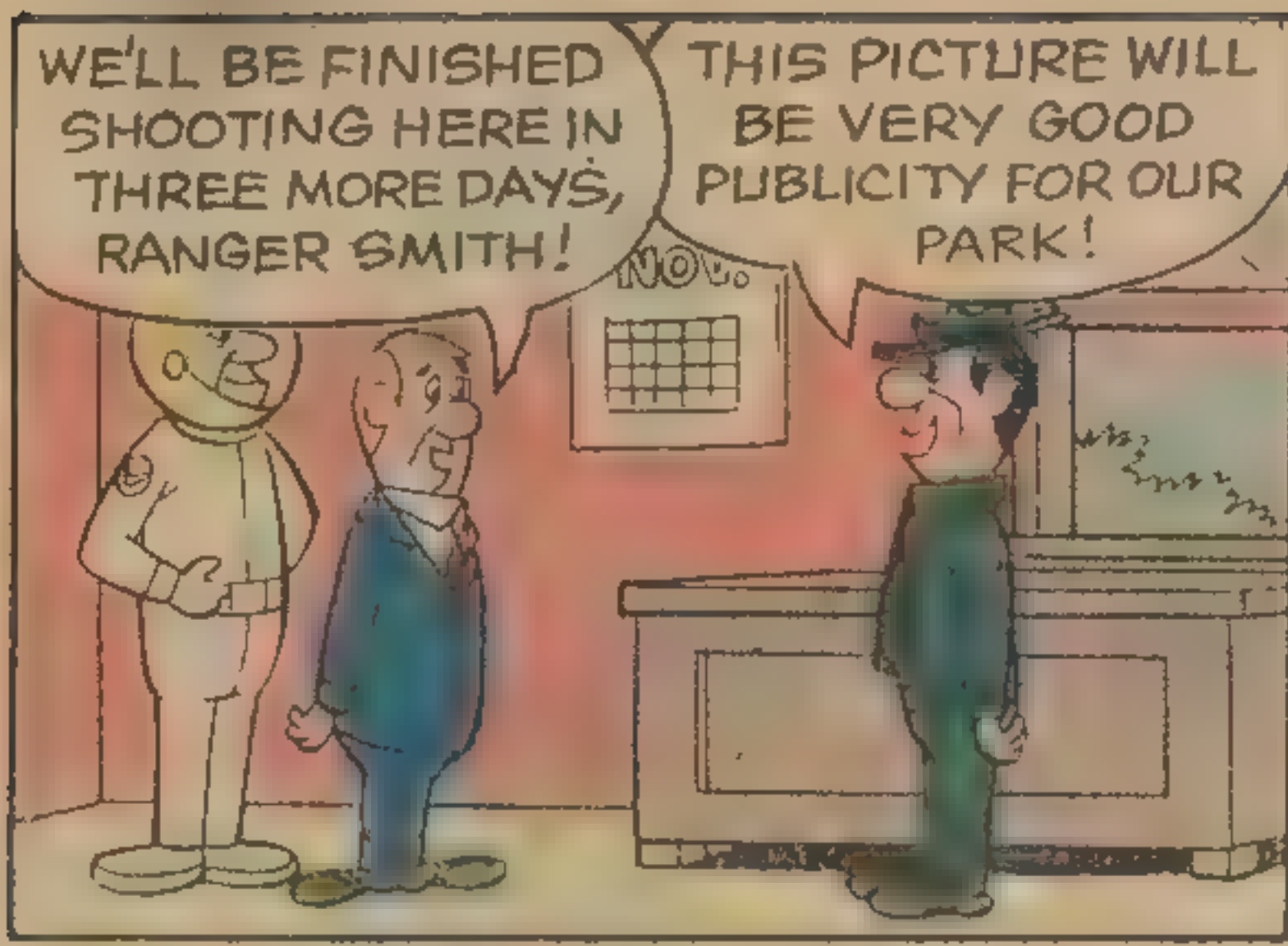


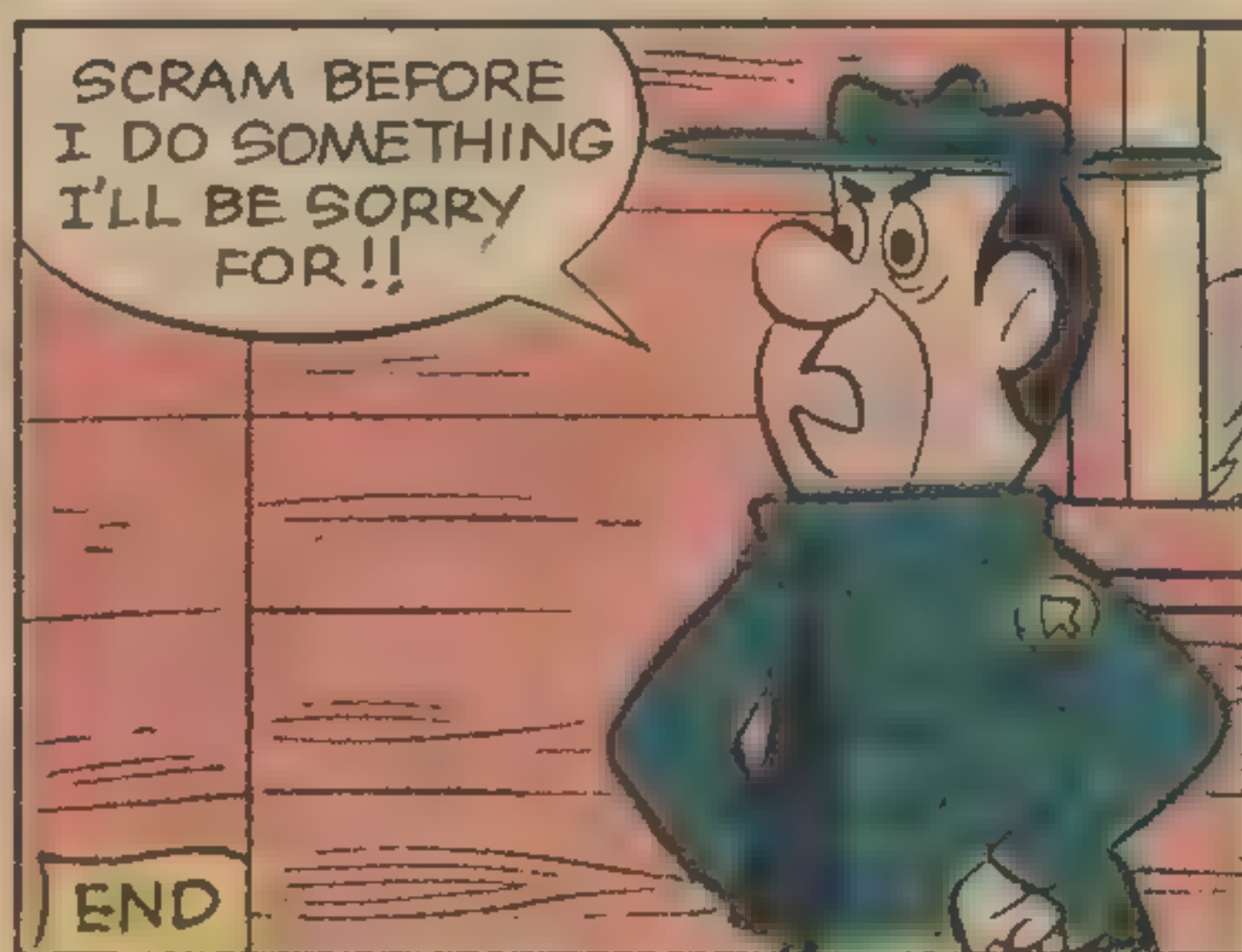
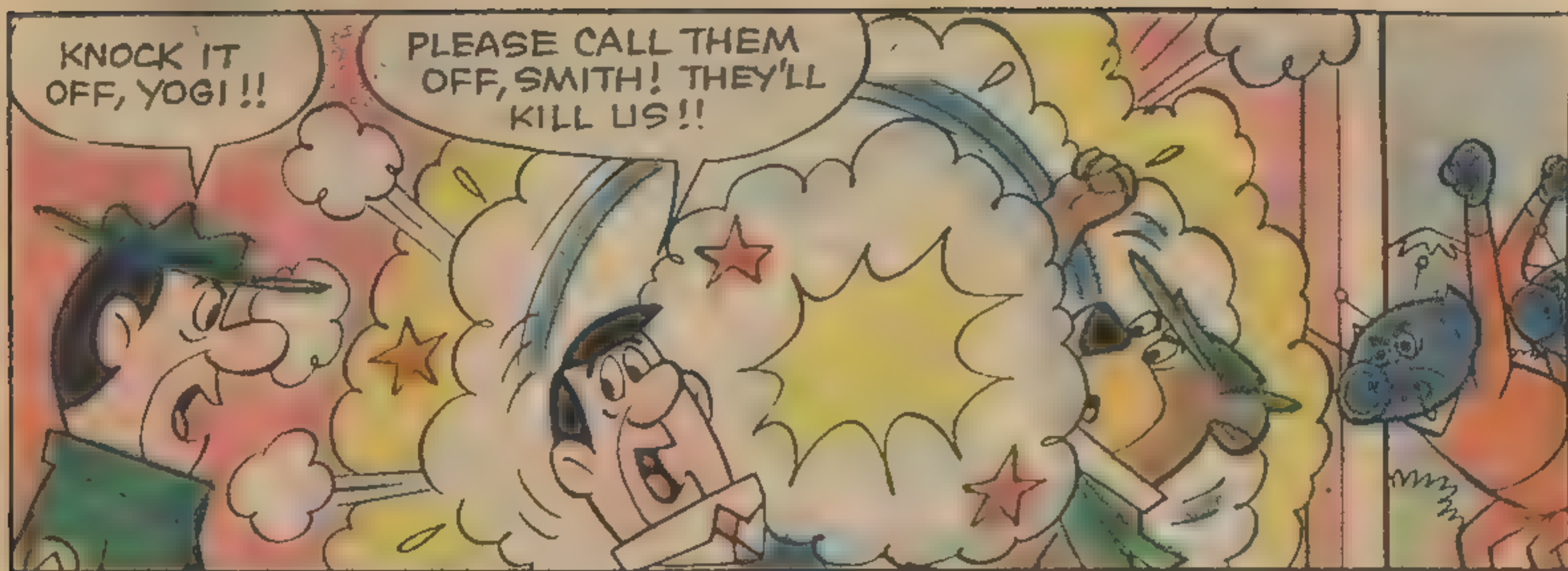












YOGI BEAR

STOP THE RAIN
ALREADY!

WHAT ARE
YOU SO SAD
ABOUT,
YOGI?

DON'T FEED
THE BEARS

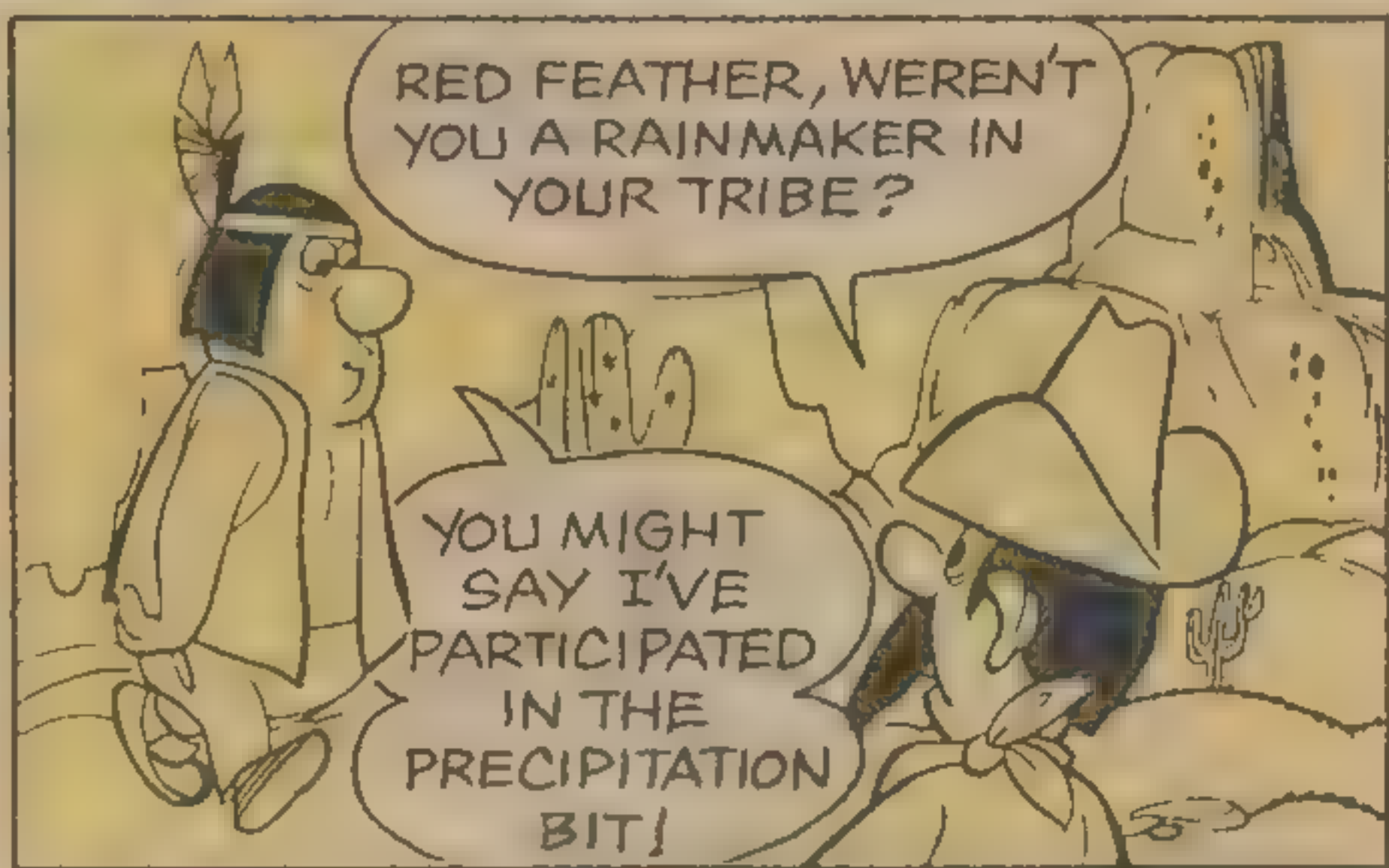
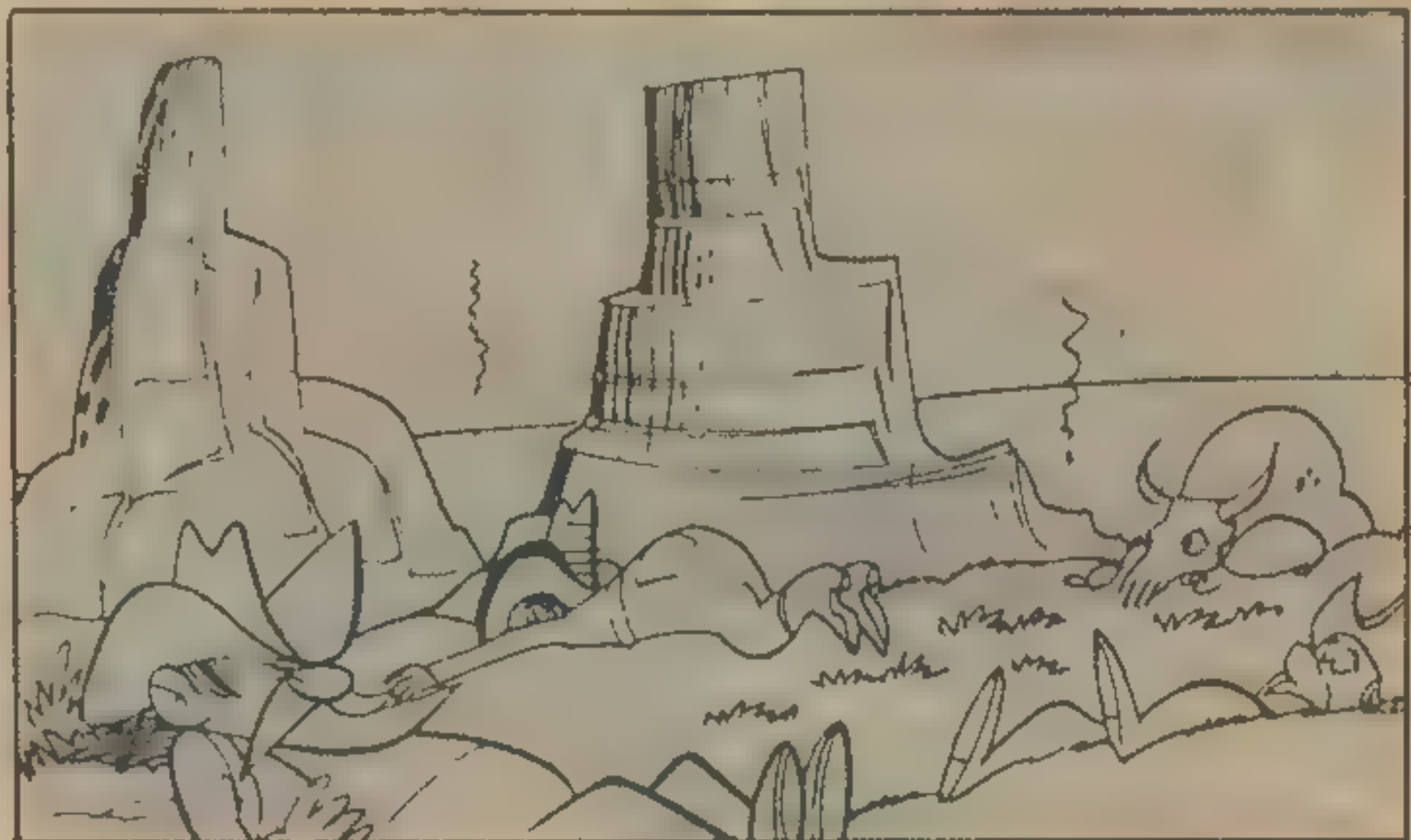
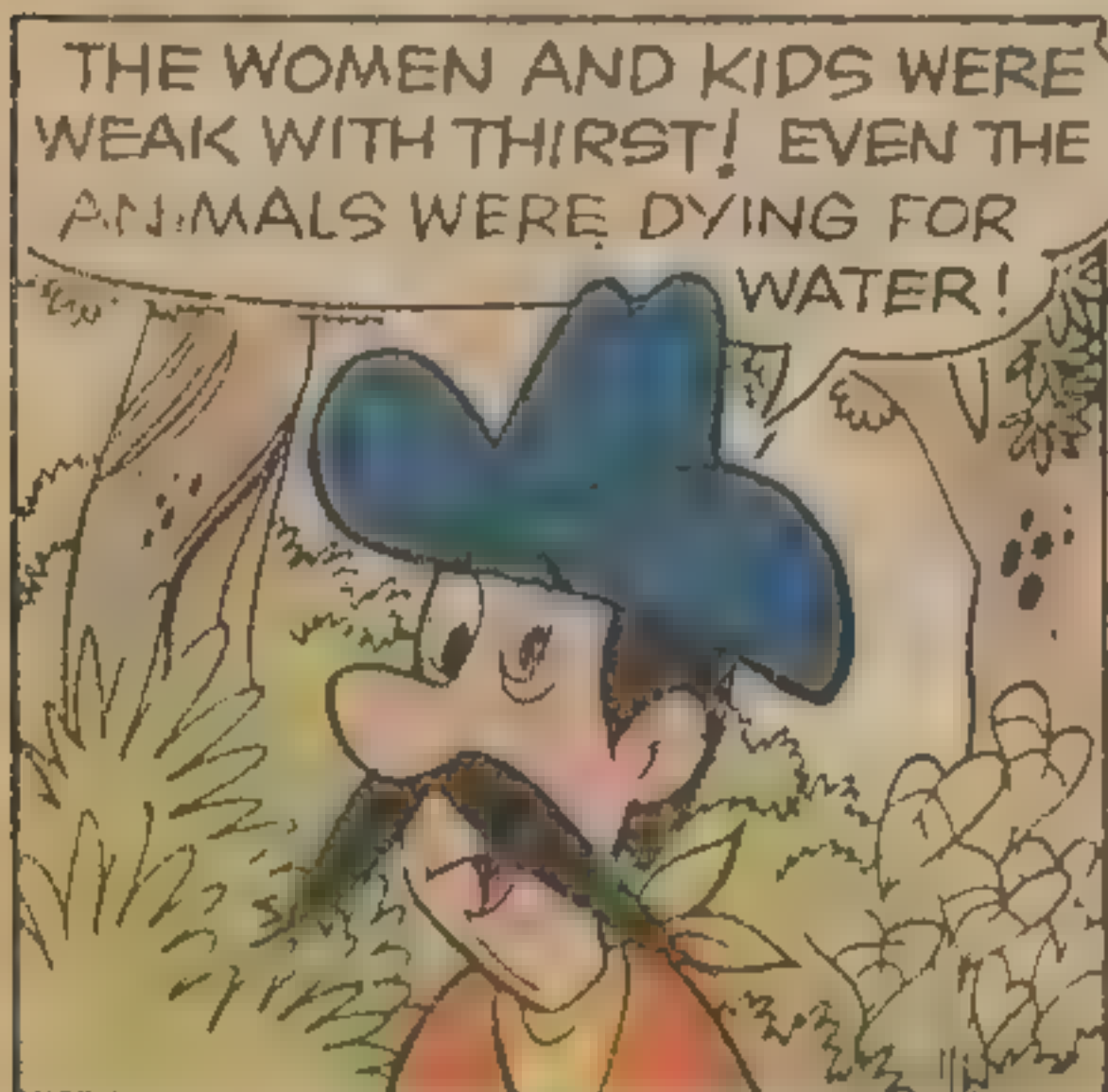
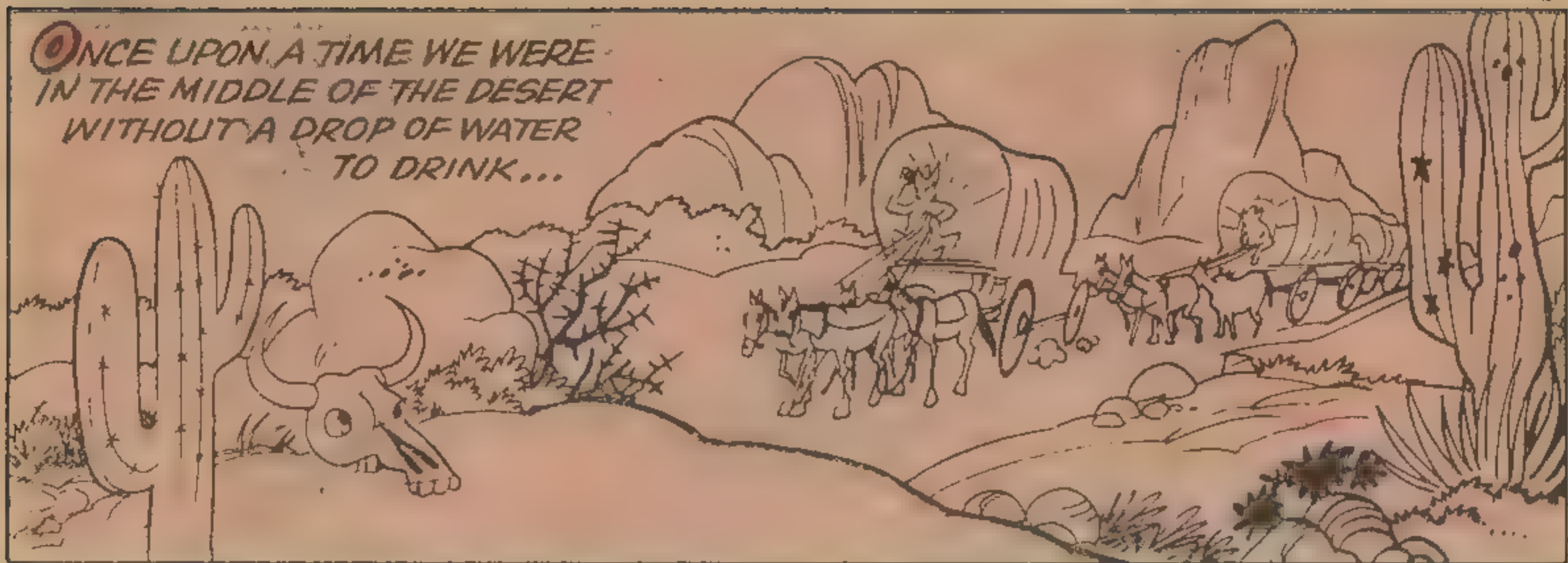
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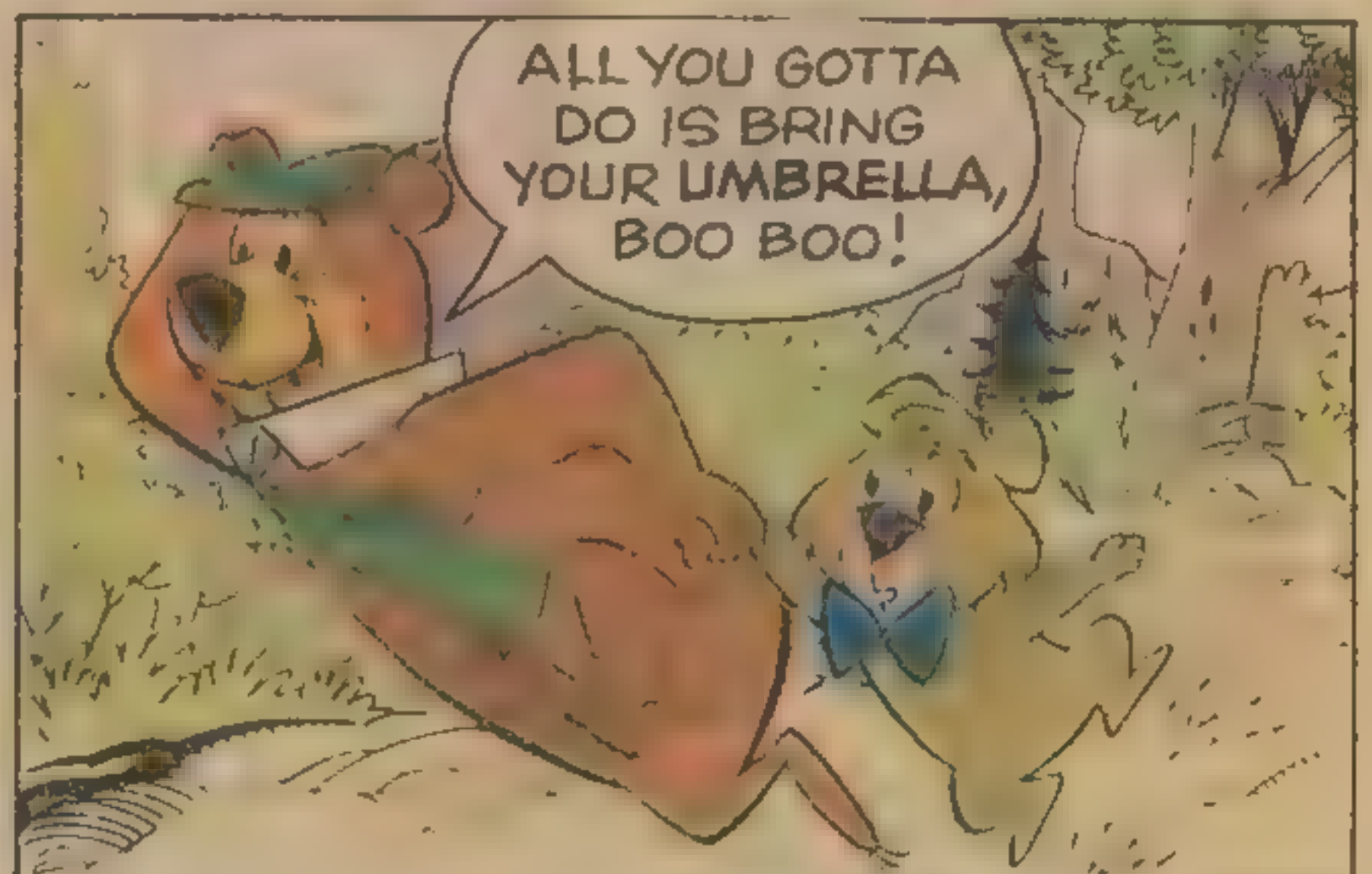
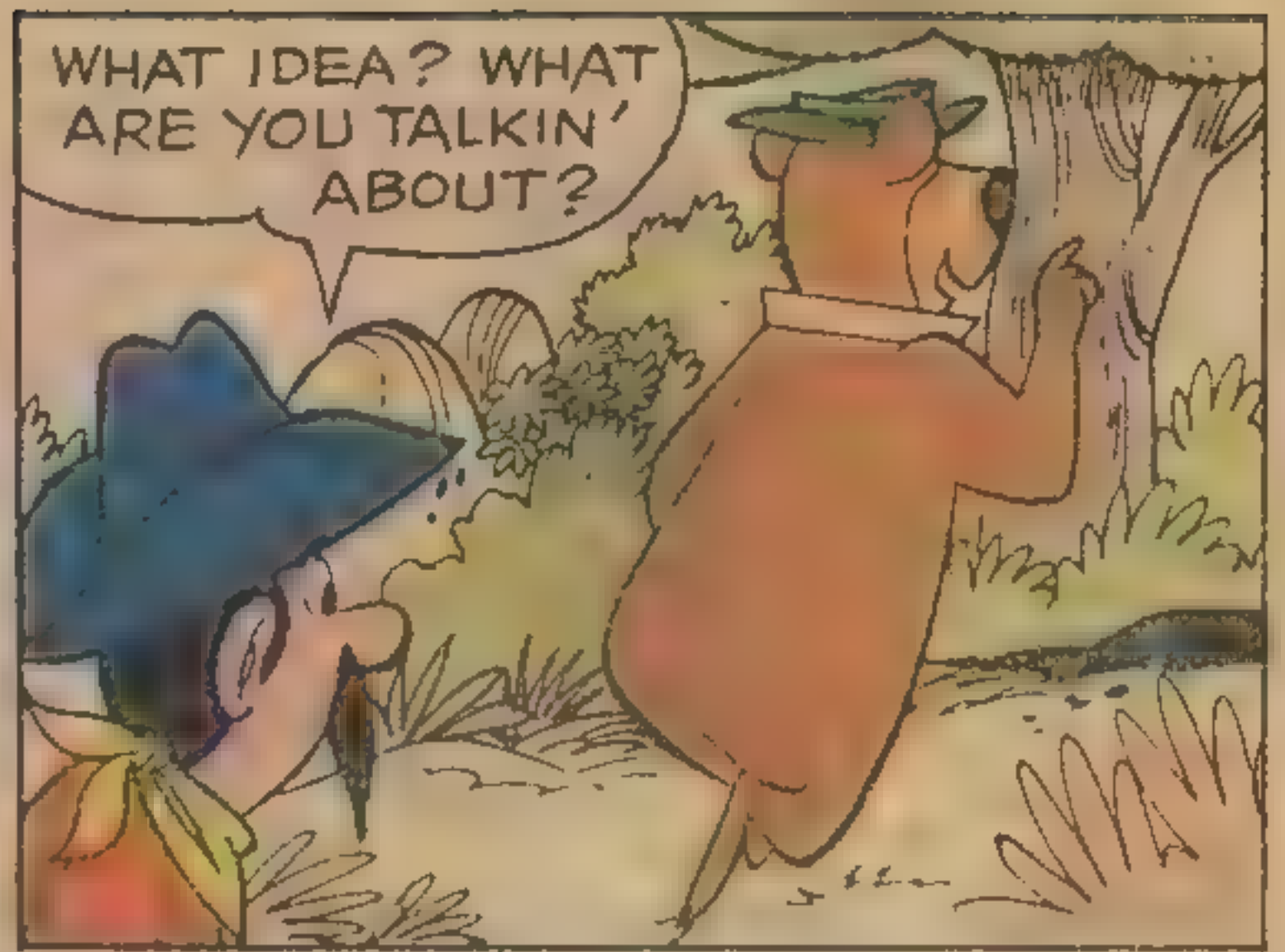
HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF
YOU HAD NOTHING BUT
ACORNS TO EAT DAY IN
AND DAY OUT?

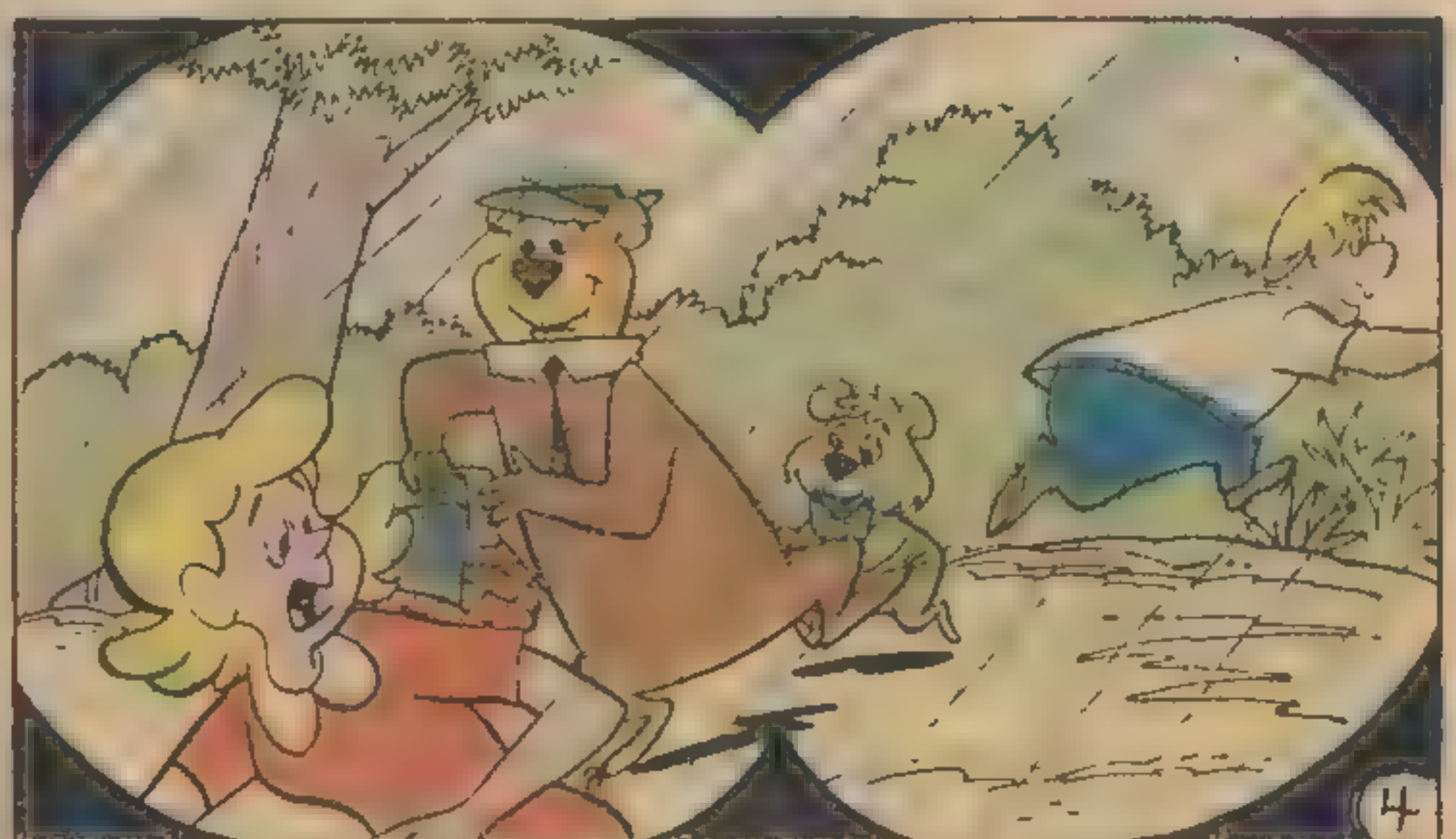
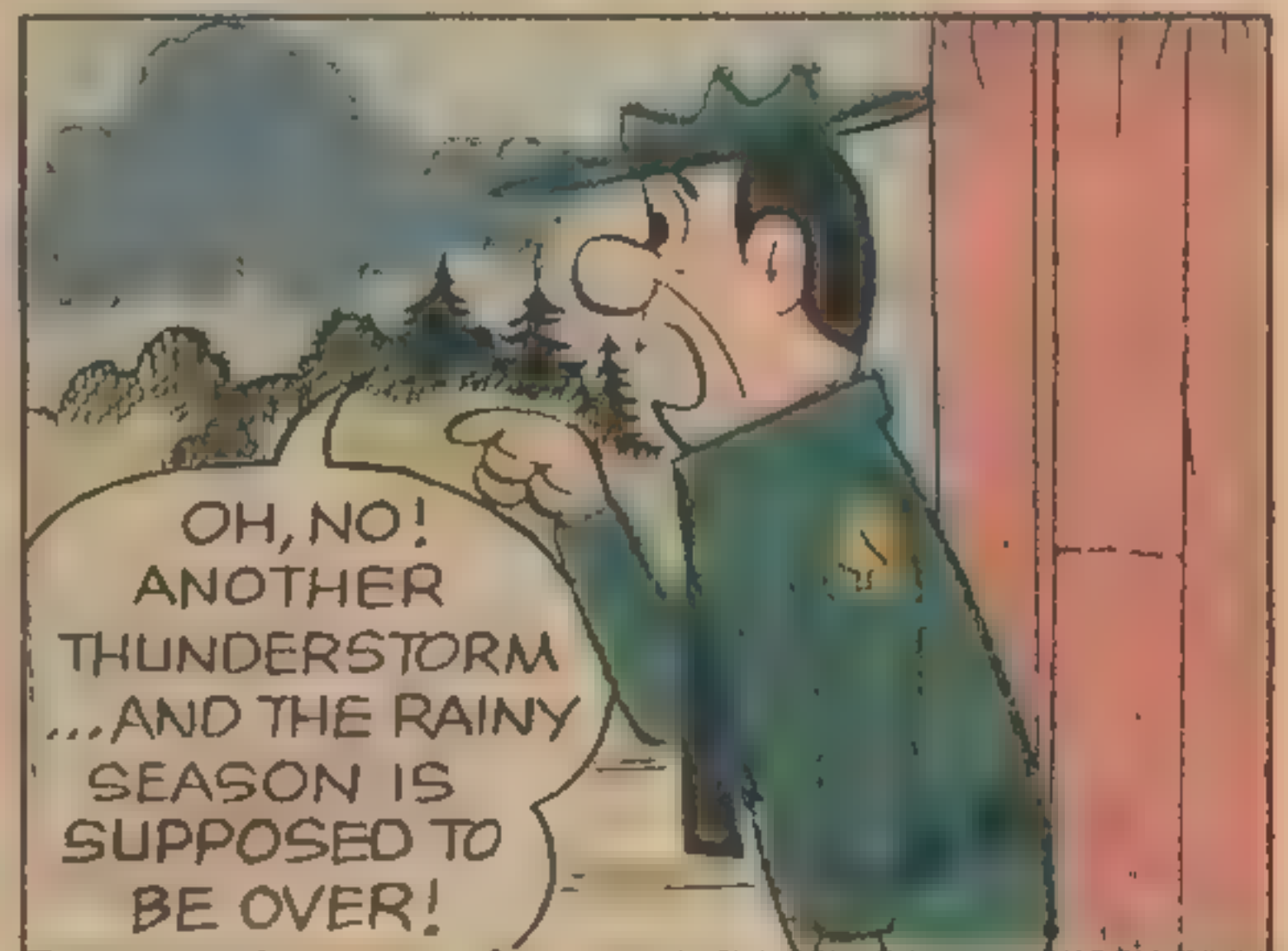
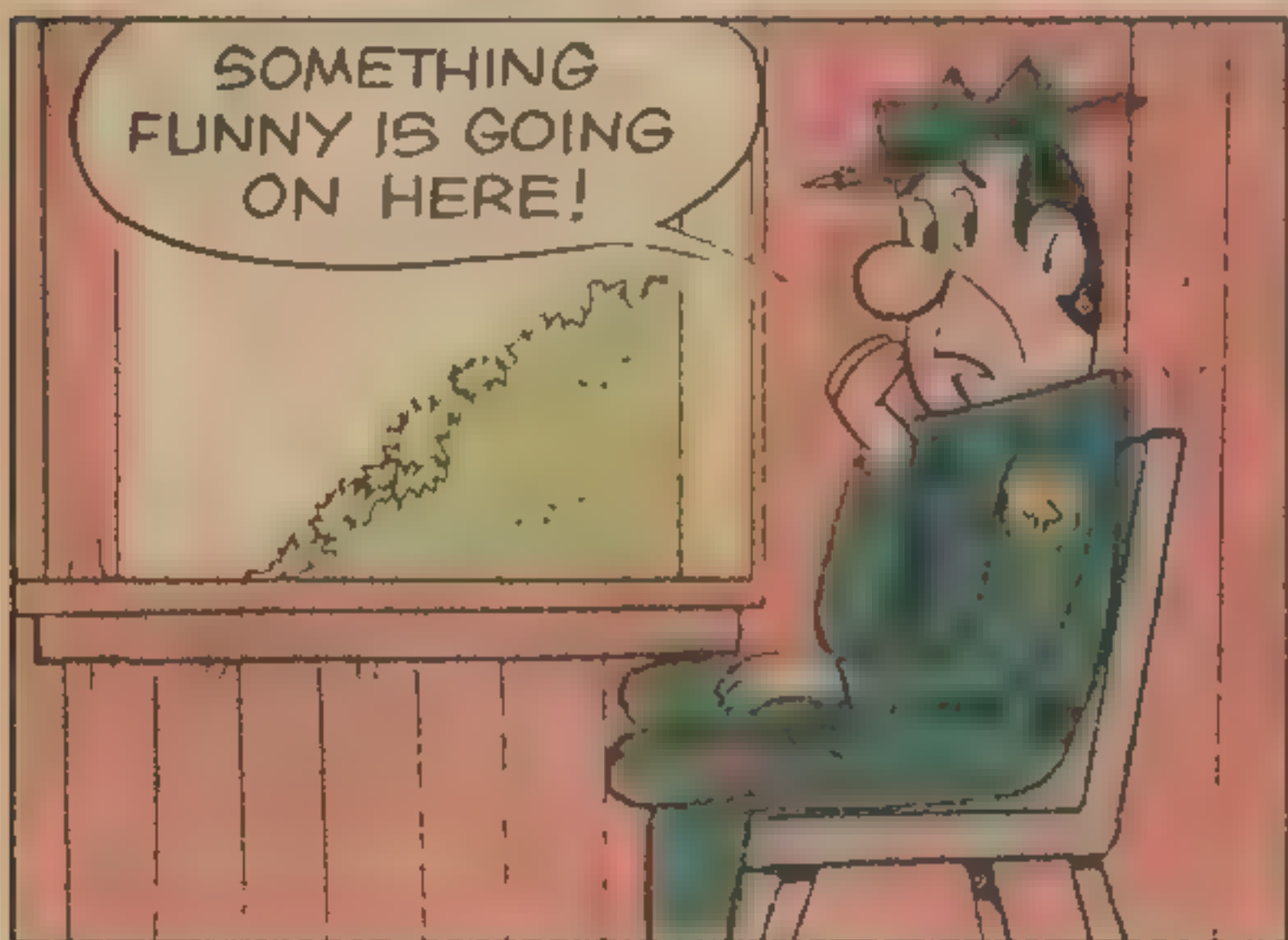
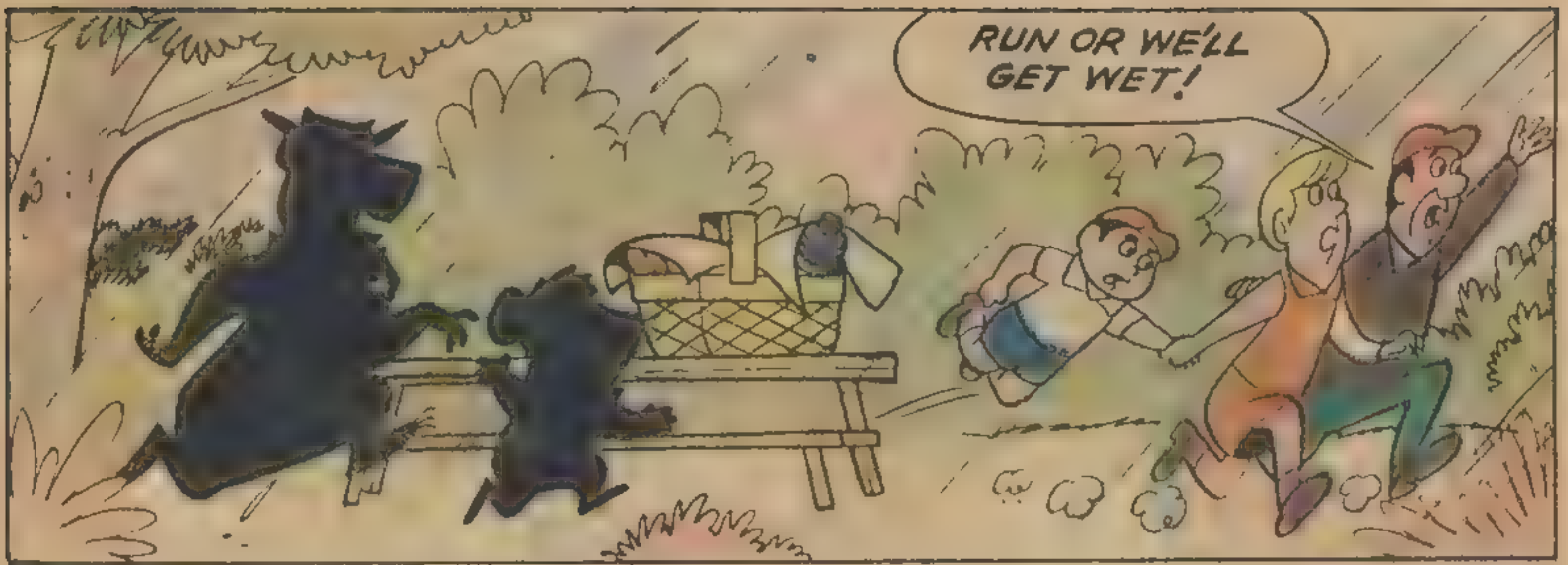
YOU'RE RIGHT. NOTHING'S
THE SAME IN THE WEST
ANY MORE!

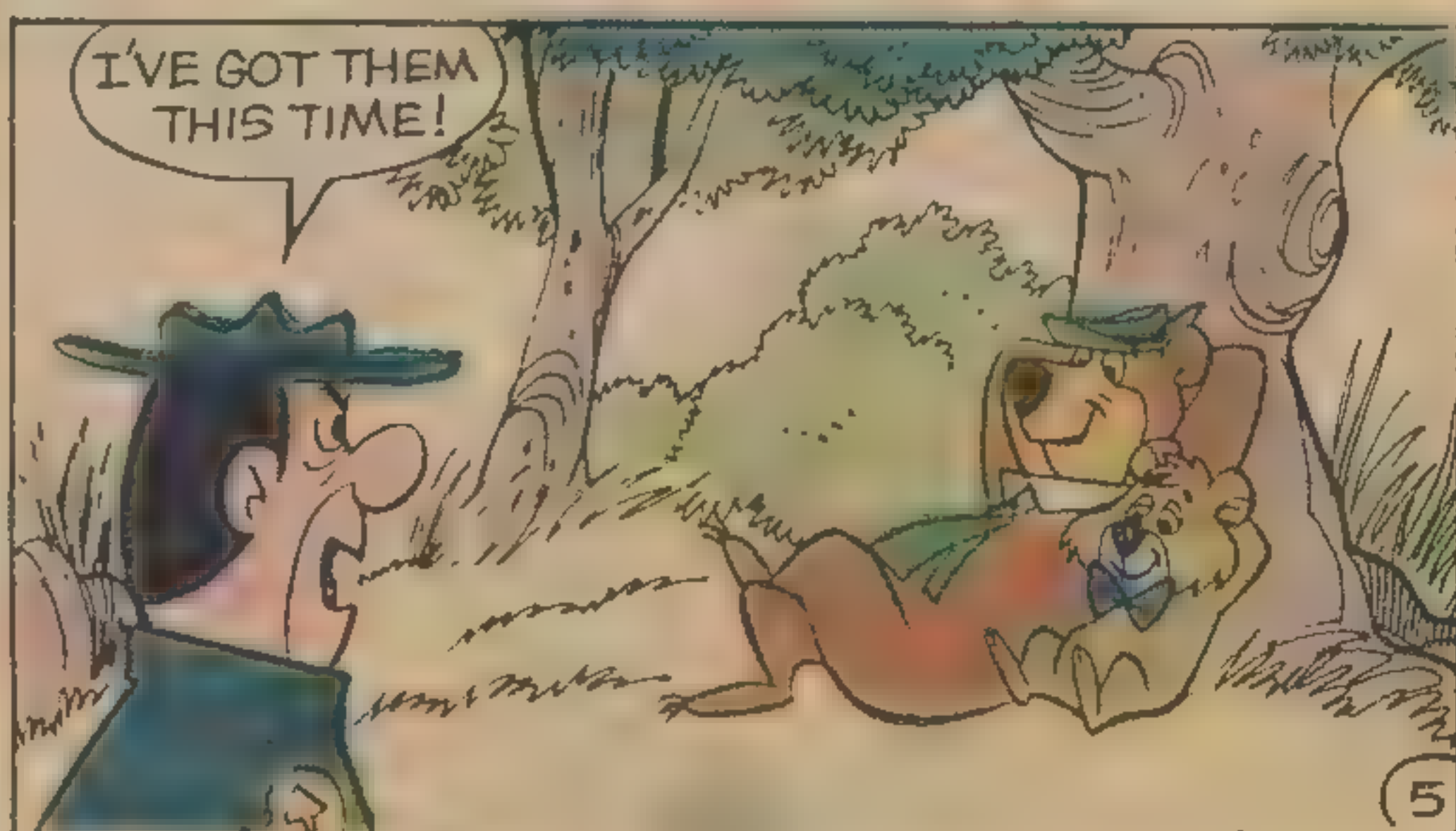
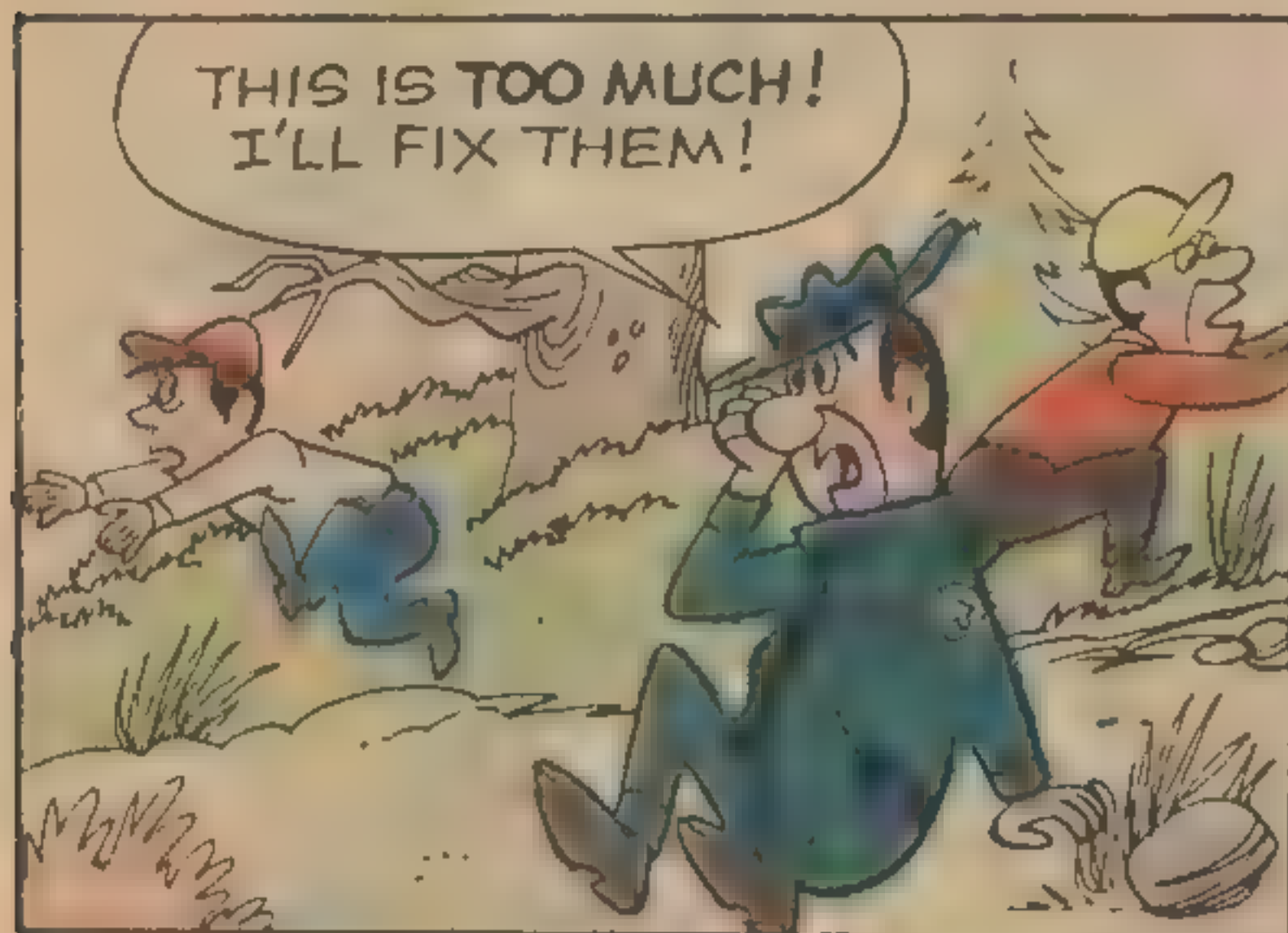
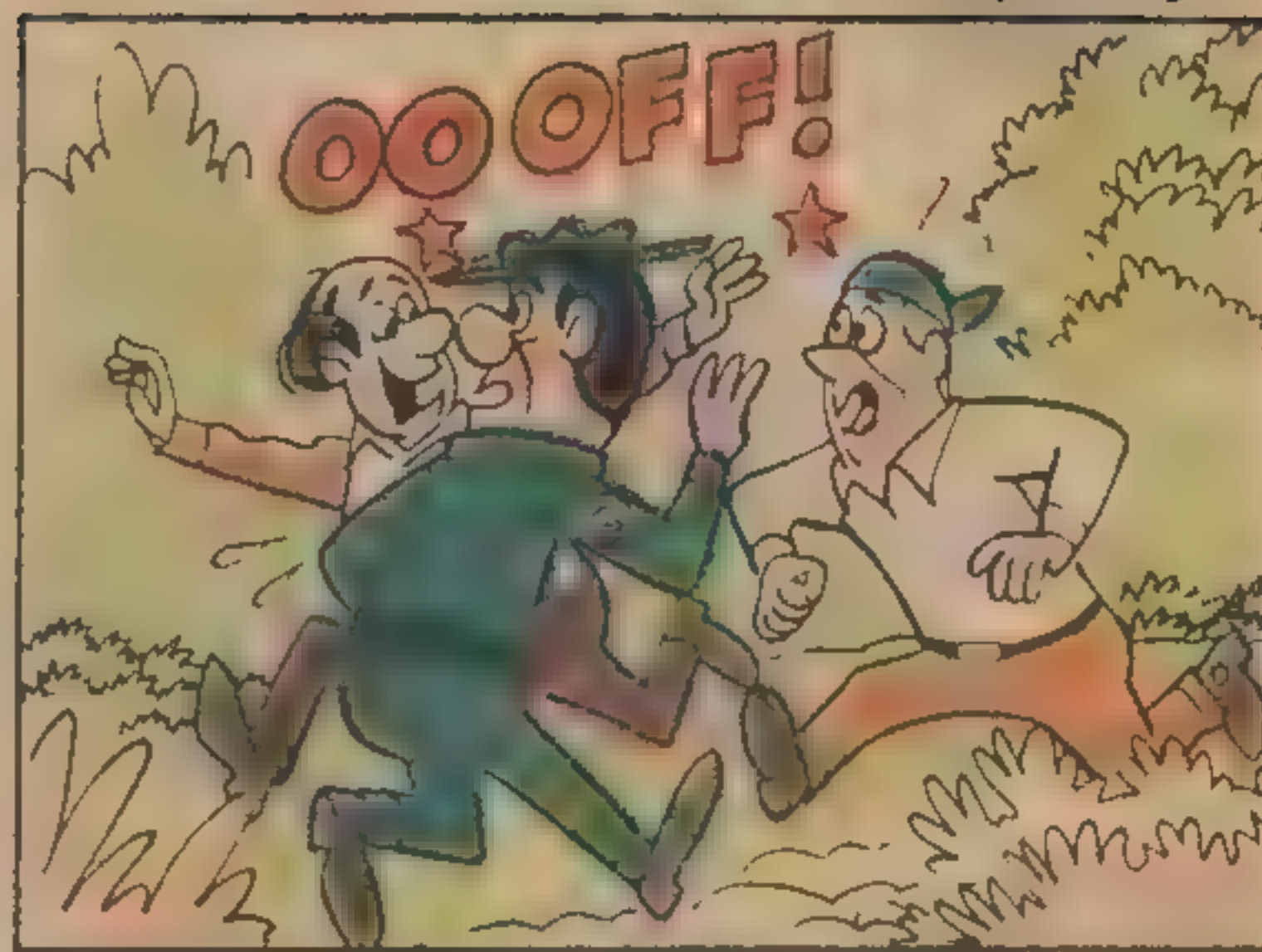
TIMES ARE
BAD ALL
OVER.

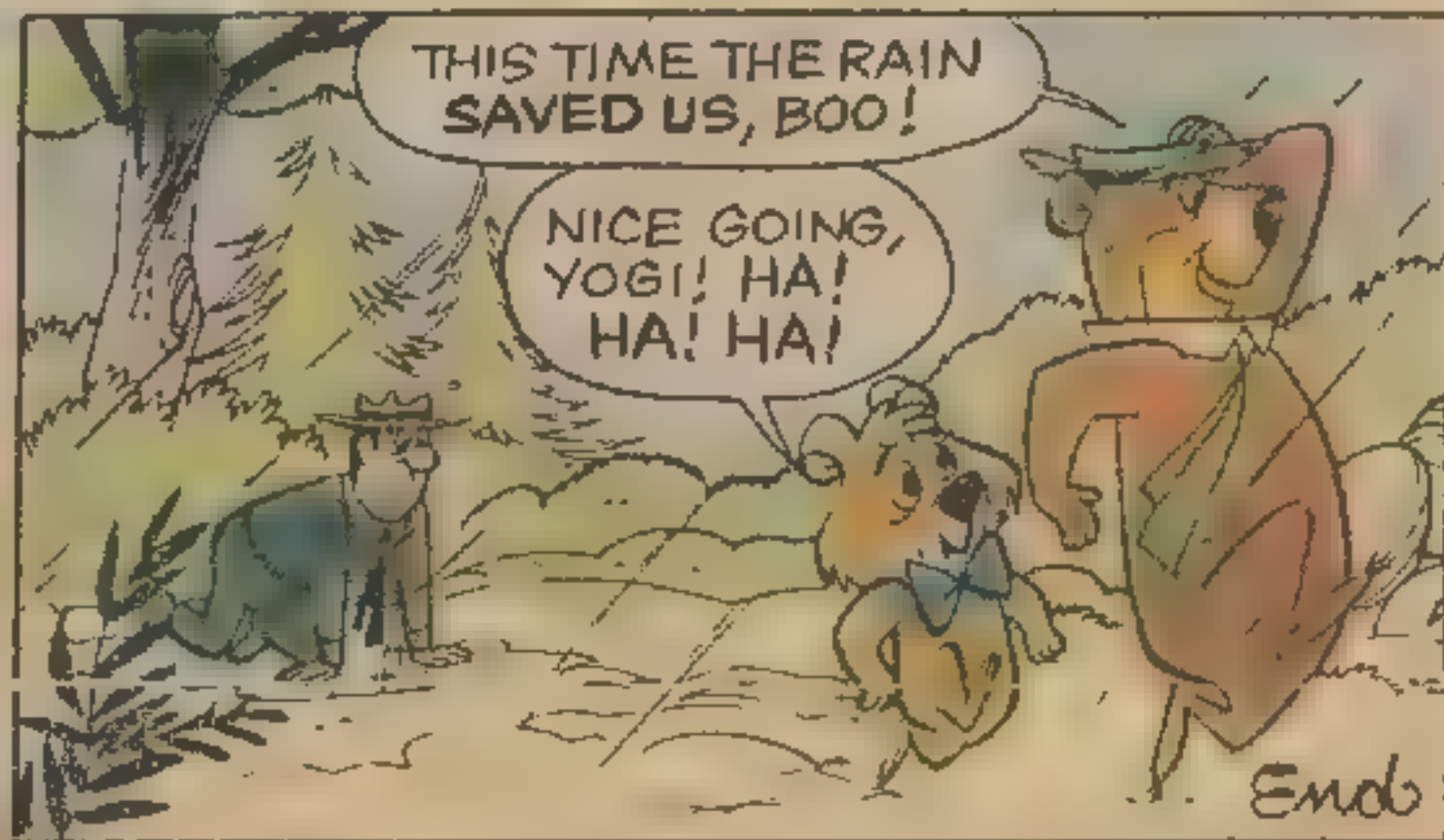
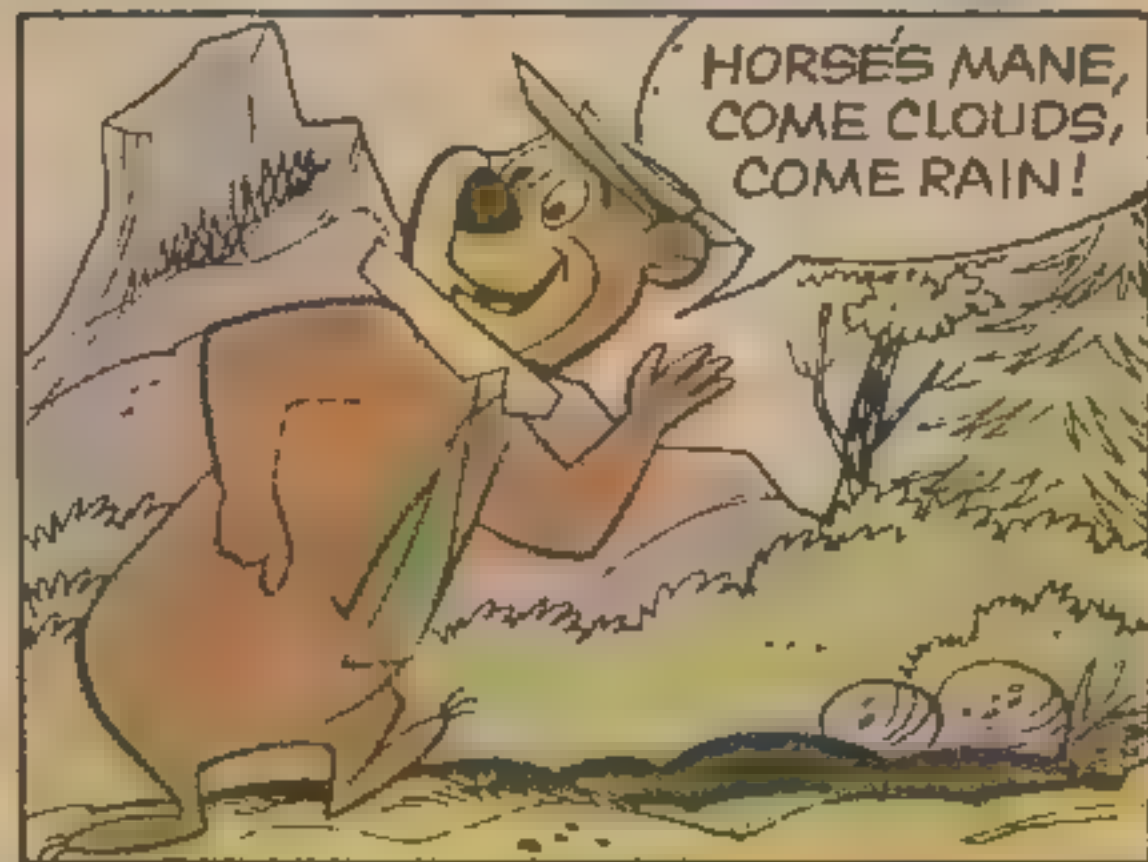
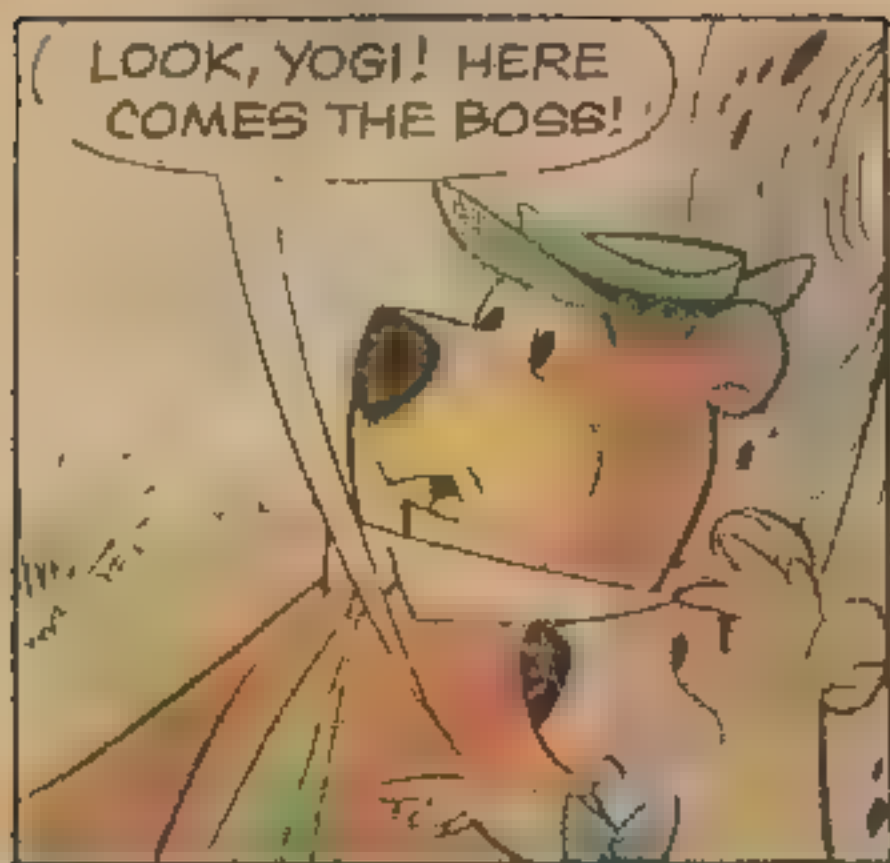
AND THE COWBOY TELLS
HIS STORY...











NICE GOING, YOGI! HA! HA! HA!

End

BONERS, MOANERS, and GROANERS

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they have studied and learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing the word or doesn't make the meaning of the thought clear, those kids can give you unusual answers.

I had spent an hour trying to show the children that they grow up. They are not the same as they were two years ago. Nor will they be the same two years in the future. So I looked at Marsha and asked her the question:

"What will you be two years from today?"

In a flash came back the reply: "I will be two years older."

This one happened in an advanced class of bright students. Every day we took up a new special word. I wrote it on the blackboard. I gave the definition and an example. The word for Wednesday was "Assignment". For definitions I wrote: 1. Something given to you to do which you must do. 2. A post of duty to which a person is appointed. Then I gave two examples: 1. Every day I give you an assignment of three examples to do. 2. The new ambassador left for his assignment to Sweden.

Marie was absent when we studied this in class. I gave a test and I orally said: "Assignment. Write what it means and in a sentence show you understand it. I pronounced the word very clearly. And what did Marie hear? And what did she write?"

"A sign meant something with words printed or painted on it in order to tell you something. In our school we have a sign which says, 'Fire Exit'. When I went with my father in his car I saw a sign which told us, 'Go Slow. Danger ahead.'"

One day I noticed that Martin wasn't paying any attention to the history lesson. I walked up to his desk. As soon as I got there, he covered something with his right hand.

"What have you there on your desk?" I wanted to know.

"A friend I brought to class," he informed us. "I wanted him to meet you. I think he will also like you."

So Martin removed his hand from what he

was covering. It was a fat caterpillar who started creeping over the top of his desk.

"I found him in the park on Sunday," continued Martin. "At once I knew he liked me. So I took him home and fed him. I know he wants to meet you."

So what does a teacher do with that situation? Scold the boy? He had already disarmed me because he had cleverly told me he liked me. So I looked at our visitor.

"Hello, caterpillar," was my greeting. "Pay attention to the lesson. Then when Martin takes you home you can teach him what he doesn't know about the War of 1812."

That did the trick. We were all happy now - the rest of the students, Martin, myself, and I assume, also the caterpillar. What would have happened had Martin brought a lion cub to class?

Children themselves can create confusion by the way they report things. My principal was very much worried by the achievement of the students in their mathematics tests. I was told to notify the parent of any student who was failing. So I wrote a letter to George's mother telling her that her son had the lowest average in the entire class in mathematics.

She came to school to see me. And one look at her face and you could see the fury written all over it. Definitely she was going to give me a piece of her mind.

"You are mistaken about my son," she began. "He has the highest average in your class in mathematics. Not the lowest. You do not like my son. I shall report this to the principal."

"What did he tell you?" I asked her.

"That he has an average of 100%. You should give him a prize."

So I called George to my desk. Took out his four failing examination papers and showed them to a startled mother. The marks were: 20%, 30%, 15%, and 35%.

"Why did you lie to me?" she said in a harsh voice to her son.

"I would never lie," he said in an innocent and hurt tone of voice. "I told you the truth, mother. Just add up all those marks and they come out to 100%."

Maybe he was correct from his view of thinking. Who knows?

YOGI BEAR IN *is this trip* NECESSARY?

